

Episode: A Lost Legends Fanzine



Dear Reader,

Thank you for your support of this fanzine. Your purchase of this book also supports The Trevor Project, a nonprofit organization that focuses on suicide prevention efforts among LGBT+ youth. Your support may help save many young lives from a terrible fate, and for this, we thank you.

We would also like to extend our thanks to the incredibly skilled artists and writers that have helped create this zine. If not for their hard work, this project would never have come to fruition.

Finally, we would like to thank Alex Hirsch, the creator of Gravity Falls and the author of Gravity Falls: Lost Legends. Gravity Falls was a truly wonderful show, and an inspiration to many of us. While it is true that all things must come to an end, Gravity Falls will surely remain in the hearts of many for years to come.

Once again, thank you for everything.

Sincerely,
The Mod Team



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WISHING
Well

Junk

Wanted
Help
Free
All Might

SOULS
FOR
SALE

MISSING!

UNFORGETTABLE
DEALS

Children
Fear

In the Shadow of Monsters

By: Ian Wepprich

"I told her I was all the way in already!"

The green gangly goblin like shopkeeper burst out laughing at the punchline. "Aww Charon, ya'll got the best jokes!" Slapping his knee, he recovered from the laughter. "I can't believe ya say that!"

"Well, it's just the truth!" The large troll like creature looked away as he rubbed the back of his neck. "I told her it wasn't anything special."

"But still!" The shopkeeper turned to the third being standing at the counter. "What'da think? Ain't he the funniest?"

The cloaked figure put down the knickknack he was holding and nodded back to the shopkeeper without saying a word. Quickly picking up another item the shop keeper's eyes narrowed.

"Have I seen you somewhere before? I'm purdy sure I've seen everyone who comes round here and you don't look familiar. You one of those hoo-mans?" The cloaked figure shook his head under his hood. Both the shopkeeper and the troll edged closer to the figure. "Lemme see yer face."

Backing away the figured bumped into the troll who had taken up position behind him. Accepting his fate the figure reached up and slowly pulled down his hood.

The shopkeeper reeled back in horror. "Oh, by my long-lost father you're hideous!"

The troll looked down at the man-thing and nearly gagged. "Oh, that's the most rancid thing I've ever seen!"

"I'ma so sorry I doubted you sir." Apologizing profusely the shopkeeper rummaged through a few of his own goods. Grabbing a small voodoo stick he handed it to the man-thing. "Please take this as recompense."

The man-thing reached out but stopped short, his six fingered hand hovering as he debated taking the trinket.

"No, I better not. I should have just been more forward with all of you." The man-thing replied. Looking around him he saw that quite a few faces in other stalls had turned towards him. Clearing his throat, he replaced the hood back on his head and turned away. "I'm sorry, I really must be going."

"Right, well good on ya then." The shopkeeper waved as both of them watched as the man-thing walked away and turned down an alleyway. The shopkeeper turned to his companion and shivered as a chill ran down his spine. "I've never seen anything so horrifying in my life."

The troll nodded. "Me too, and I won a staring match against a Gremloblin once."

Rounding another corner, the cloaked man-thing turned to see if anyone had followed. Satisfied he was alone he removed his hood and took a rather large sigh of relief. "So, they've bought it." He mumbled to himself. Reaching up to his cheeks the man began to tug tightly and pull. With some concerted effort the man-thing managed to pull his face off revealing, not a blank face as one might expect, but the face of Stanford Pines.

"Ahh, that's better." Ford sighed as he let his face breathe for itself again. Holding the face up in front of him he too could see how much of a horror it was. "Disgusting!" he chuckled. "It was a good thing Mr. What's-His-Face had so many of these with him when we captured him. It's made my observations so much easier!"

Pulling out his journal from inside his cloak he opened it to his most recent entry and began to write. 'Day six of my observation of the market. First interaction with the denizen complete. It went much better than I had expected, the face that we decided to use first is even uglier in comparison down here than I anticipated.' He briefly paused to look at the face again, a shiver running down his spine as he wondered what kind of creature this face had gone with. 'With some effort I should be able to gain the trust of the residents of the market and walk freely around them.'

Ford paused. Thinking he heard something he took another glance around he made sure he was still alone. Belief reaffirmed he continued to write. 'Like the great Jane Goodall I have tasked myself with the direct interaction and study of the people of the market. This would be easy if it were not for the rule that no humans were allowed down here. With the disguise I have acquired it shouldn't be too hard to do so from..' Ford heard a rattling that caused him to pause his writing again.

To him, it sounded like a rat was scuttling around further down the alleyway. Narrowing his eyes, he replaced his journal in his cloak. Slowly reaching down he picked up his face and prepared to replace it on his face when he heard it.

"Give it back..." A soft whisper sounded out from the alleyway. The echoes of it made it hard for Ford to pinpoint exactly where it was coming from. Deciding discretion was the better part of valor Ford reattached the face. "Give me back my precious!" The whisper called out again, this time a little louder.

His eyes scanning all around him Ford saw a shadow quickly dash in-between two garbage bins just a few feet away. Slowly taking a step back Ford began to reach for the blaster he had hidden in his cloak pocket. Quickly he leveled his blaster and shouted to the

shadowy creature. “Come out slowly or I’ll shoot you with my... Nyarf Gun?” Ford’s eyes wandered to the blaster he had thought he had pulled out. Yet instead of a 100MW blaster it was a Nyarf Gun... without any darts even!

“Mabel!” He cursed his luck. His spunky niece must have replaced it when she and Dipper were playing the other day. Realizing he could no more harm this creature than he could a butterfly he decided to attempt to bluff. With any luck the creature wouldn’t know the difference in the firearms. Looking back for the creature he realized in his momentary lapse that the creature had slipped away from him.

His eyes darting back and forth Ford tried to get another glance at the shadowy creature. “Give my precious back!” The voice, now louder, called out. In a panic he glanced around, left then right, only to realize if the thing wasn’t in front of him it would have to be...

Glancing up he had only a second to dodge backwards as the creature dropped on him from above. A resounding thud rang out as the four-legged creature hit the ground where Ford was just standing. With more light Ford could make out that it was humanoid, though it seemed to prefer to be on all four legs. The place where its face would be was completely smooth, no features at all other than a hat.

“Give it back!” The echo was now deafening. Ford realized that he stood no chance in his current state to combat this creature. Given his options he decided that retreat was the best course of action. Turning on his heel Ford gave into a dead sprint back into the market. Back into the bright light of the open bazaar Ford could already see heads turning to see what he was doing as he ran. Most were shocked, jumping back from his path if he seemed to head their direction, only to reel when they saw what was behind him.

Risking a glance behind him he saw the creature was holding steady some distance away, running on all fours like some spider. Slamming hard into something Ford was knocked onto his back. Looking up he realized he had run head first into a large male dragon newt. The male looked down at him as Ford scrambled to his feet, the rage building within the large cryptid. Glancing behind him Ford saw the creature had made a considerable gain on him. Turning to run he saw the dragon newt look up to his chaser and give out the highest pitch scream of abject horror he had ever heard, next to Dipper of course.

The scream actually had two benefits. One, it caused the crowd to disperse more so his path was clear now, and Two, it caused the creature to reel for a moment at the sound. Ford would have too if it were not for the face he was wearing dampening the scream. Not one to let an opportunity go Ford began to run again, only for the creature to follow. Running out of open space Ford realized he would have to head into the tunnels around the warehouse district. If he was lucky he could lose the creature in the maze of tunnels that made up the storage for the greater market.

One turn lead to another, and another, and another, until finally he stopped hearing the sound of the creature behind him. Just to be sure Ford ducked into the nearest warehouse. Closing the latch behind him he took a look around. Hundreds of crates of various sizes were stacked around the room. Taking to the closest one he tried the top to see what was inside. “Hmm.” He pondered as he looked on to the merchandise. “This must have been Regaldi’s stuff.”

Regaldi was, of course, the only leprechaun that he had seen in the market and what do Leprechauns sell? Why, weapons of course. Regaldi specialized in ancient weapons and this crate of swords was no exception. “This might come in handy.” Ford murmured to himself before taking a short sword from the crate and replacing the top. Setting the sword down next to him he hopped up on the crate and pulled out his journal once more.

‘Update. It seems there are creatures that even I cannot explain down here, well not yet at least. For the time being I have taken refuge in this warehouse to catch my breath and allow the creature who was chasing me to lose my trail. I’ve spent some time mapping out these tunnels and unless the creature was keen enough to do the same, they will most likely be lost now. I just need to wait until they lose interest in whatever they were after me for before I make my escape.’

Holding his pen up to his chin Ford thought out loud. “But what was it that this creature wanted? He kept saying something about his precious and to give it back but I’ve taken nothing from the market as of yet.” Ford was both disturbed yet curious at the motivations of the creature who chased him. What did it want, and how was it able to move like that? Why did it react to that scream so much yet it looked like it didn’t have ears?

Checking his watches Ford thought that enough time must have passed for him to give the creature the slip. More importantly he realized he had spent so much time running from the creature that it was almost time to return home. As exciting a day as it was, he knew he would sleep well tonight with as much energy and excitement as he had.

Hopping up Ford replaced the journal into this cloak before looking back at the sword. He debated leaving it for a moment as he wasn’t really keen on stealing from the market as it might make his future interactions harder if people were suspicious of everyone. Quickly opening the crate, he placed a bag of gold coins in the spot the sword had once occupied. “There, now I’ve bought it instead.” He nodded to himself as he took the short sword and attached it to his belt. Securely fastened he turned to the doorway only to realize it was open.

“But I swear I...”

“Give it back!” The words were clear as day, as if the voice was right in front of him. Ford wasn’t sure how the creature had found him but it must have. Drawing the blade and scanning around him he once again saw nothing.

“I know you’re out there!” Ford shouted. “Show yourself!” Holding the blade out he watched as the creature slowly slinked out of the shadows. Leveling against the creature he shouted. “I don’t know what it is that you want but you’ll get nothing from me!”

The creature seemed unphased by the blade. It began to crouch in an attack stance. Ford readied himself for what he figured would be an incredibly tough fight. He drew the sword back and prepared to swing. When the creature lunged at him he would counter by swinging first and taking it out in one blow. The air was tense as the two stood ready for the end. Neither combatant moved for fear

of losing the initiative. The silence seemed like an eternity before it was broken with the sound of one of the crates creaking under the weight of those above it.

The creature jumped and Ford tensed his muscles to swing. “Rahh!” He roared as he swung hard at the creature’s flight path. In a flash it was over, Ford’s sword never connected. Not because he missed mind you but because the creature, immediately after lunging, tripped on its own feet and fell “face” first into the ground, sliding forward and only stopping at Ford’s feet.

Ford just looked down in amazement. Was that it? It was over just like that? Poking the creature a few times with the pointed end of the sword he sighed and dropped shoulders in disbelief. Yet it was in his moment of vulnerability that the creature struck. Leaping up from below him the creature grabbed onto this face. Ford struggled to get him to release his grip, the sword nearly useless at that range, but no luck.

Finally, the creature huffed and pulled away, ripping Ford’s face off with it. Sliding to the ground a few feet away Ford quickly held the sword aloft again, not letting the creature get another strike in. Yet the creature did not attack again, it simply stood there. Ford watched as the creature took the face he had been wearing moments ago and aligned it with its head. Slapping the face on the creature shouted out.

“Finally! I’ve got my moneymaker back!” The creature’s whiny voice cheered gleefully. It was at that point that Ford began to recognize the creature.

“Toby Determined?” Ford exclaimed. “Why are you down here?”

“I needed my face back. Some guy offered me Shandra Jimenez’s face in exchange for something but didn’t tell me it would be my face.”

A short conversation later Toby apologized for scaring Ford and Ford allowed him to head off with his restored body. Sitting down on one of the crates again Ford pulled his journal back out.

‘In all the mysteries of the world I think love will be the one that eludes me the longest. For now my research is put on hold but I do intend to try again later.’ Returning his journal to his cloak Ford now debated how to get home.





A Game of Charades

By: Ace

Stan had seen a lot of crazy things in Gravity Falls. But walking into the living room to find his great niece with no face might have been the most unsettling.

Sidestepping away from the doorway, Stan shook his head, trying to clear the image from his mind. He loved Mabel, but that crooked, red marker smile was very disturbing. Unfortunately, Stan knew exactly who would be able to help in this situation, or at least he *better* be able to help. And even if he didn't want Stan around, he hoped Ford would at least want to help Mabel.

"Ford!"

Walking down into the basement, Stan felt an odd sense of discomfort at seeing the place actually being used. Every other time he had walked into this room, it had held a sense of sorrow to it, a darkness that crept into the edges. Not to mention the spiderwebs and dust piles – he had always been more focused on the portal than the cleanliness of the machines. Now it looked used, clean, and bright – though he couldn't help but notice a hint of sorrow still lingered in his chest. Ford might be back, but it wasn't exactly what he had been hoping for.

"Yes, Stanley?"

Ford's inquisitive voice shook Stan out of his thoughts and brought him back to the problem at hand – Mabel. She was what mattered right now, Stan had been dealing with this rift between him and his brother for years, it could be shoved into the back of his mind a little longer.

"Any idea why in the world Mabel is upstairs sitting on the couch without a face?" Might as well get right to the point, no use in dancing around the issue. And if it was a time sensitive thing, Stan was *not* going to let his great niece be stuck without a face. For her sake and his.

"No face..." Ford frowned, but after a moment, he nodded. "I think I know what's responsible."

"Mr. What's His Face? Seriously? You have no imagination."

Ford sighed as he made his way to the front room, but he couldn't help but find it slightly amusing. His names for anomalies hadn't always been the greatest, and that was probably one of his least imaginative ones. But changing it seemed unfair to his younger self.

"And what would you have called it?" It was a challenge but Ford was also curious. Stan always had been a little better at coming up with...interesting ideas.

"It steals faces, it's ugly looking – wait, it's ugly right? I mean why else would it want faces? So, it's ugly and likes collecting faces... how about Head Swiper, or Expression Snatcher, or The Face Off."

Ford looked back at Stan, the last suggestion freezing him in his tracks.

"Okay...so maybe not that last one. But it's gotta be catchy, and Mr. whatever you said is way too long."

"It seemed appropriate at the time." Ford defended himself, but he felt a small smile trying to work its way onto his face. It almost felt like old times for a split second. Ever since he had gotten back, there was always a tension when Stan was around, but it was almost as if the banter had eased it.

"There is no appropriate time for a name like that," Stan retorted, a smug smirk on his face as he glanced at Ford. For a moment, they just looked at each other, then something snapped and the tension rose again. Stan looked away, then continued walking forward muttering over his shoulder, "Come on. Mabel's not getting her face back with us just standing here."

Trying to squash the disappointment in his chest, Ford followed. Those days of being a carefree kid were long gone, he was surprised he even remembered them after everything that had happened. But he supposed some feelings you could never truly forget. It didn't matter now though, that was in the past. The present was what mattered and right now he needed to figure out how in the world he was going to find Mr. What's His Face.

As he walked into the room, Ford saw Mabel sitting on the couch. She looked normal from where he stood, but then she turned her head and he took a step back in surprise. It *was* a little unsettling. Granted, he had seen a few other creatures without faces during his first encounter with the face stealing anomaly, but it was different seeing the effect on a member of his family.

"So...you can fix her, right?"

Ford frowned, wracking his brain for any information that could be of use. It had been ages since he had even thought about Mr. What's His Face, and while he had occasionally used his journals over the past few weeks, he rarely ever reread his old entries – some he avoided all together.

"Well, the good news is, her face is still somewhere. It's just a matter of finding the creature and getting it back. Which may be challenging. If I remember correctly, it stays hidden, probably in a supernatural black market of sorts that I've only heard about. Due to humans not being allowed there."

Stan crossed his arms and frowned. "Okay, so, how do we get to this so-called black market?"

"I did some research on it, but I could never pin down an entrance. Maybe if I look at my old notes and search around town—" Ford was cut off by something pulling at his coat. No, not something, someone. Mabel, despite not being able to see the surroundings of her body, had made her way over to them and was gesturing to them.

"Uh, sweetie, whacha doing?" Stan asked, crouching down to Mabel's level as she continued to make motions.

At first, Ford wasn't quite sure what she was trying to convey, but then he started noticing the patterns. She kept moving her finger over her forehead in the shape of...

"Dipper?"

A quick nod. Then she pointed away from her, in the general direction of the door.

"He went after Mr. What's His Face?" Ford found himself getting into the zone. When he was younger, he had always been good at nonverbal communication — there were times when he had been able to understand whole ideas from Stan without either of them saying a word. Though some could argue that it was a twin thing. But then, after exploring many different dimensions, he had found that sometimes gestures were the only way to communicate, and his skill had only increased. He was quite the charade master now, or at least, he liked to think so.

"That's great and all, but how does that help us?" Stan glanced around the room, though Ford suspected it was more from annoyance than anything else.

"Well, if Mabel can hear us, and if she can give us enough clues..." Ford trailed off, then crouched down next to Stan. "Mabel, do you know where you are?"

Mabel tilted her head, seemingly lost in thought. For a second, she just stood there, then she held up her finger and jumped up before crouching down and pointing at the ground.

"You're in the basement?" Stan asked quickly, and Ford couldn't help but think it might be due to the fact that he wanted to be the one to figure out where Mabel was and how to help.

"No, I would've seen her, and Mr. What's His Face. He doesn't just leave faces lying around after all," Ford said, frowning as Mabel got down on her hands and knees and pointed down multiple times in a row.

"Why can't you just call it the Face Snatcher, that sounds so much better," Stan said, looking in confusion at Mabel as she continued to point down.

Ford opened his mouth, about to defend the terrible old name he had given the creature, when he realized what Mabel was trying to say. "Underground? You're underground?"

She nodded quickly.

"Oh please tell me it's not those caverns with the dinosaurs..." Stan mumbled.

"The what-?" Ford shook his head. "Never mind. Underground. I bet...Mabel, does it look like some kind of market? With lots of different anomalies?"

Another fast nod.

"The market...I knew it. Did you happen to see where it entered, or how to get in?" Excitement started growing in Ford's chest. Despite not thinking about the black market in ages, he couldn't help but relish the opportunity to actually find it and study it up close. After getting Mabel's face back of course.

Mabel held up a finger but froze before slumping down a little. Then she shrugged, outlining a door and turning her hand like she was holding a key.

"Ah...I see..."

"You see what? She doesn't know how she got in, right? Aside from it being a door. And there are a bajillion doors around Gravity Falls." The annoyance in Stan's voice was laced with worry and Ford's frown deepened as he tried to figure out what the next logical step would be. There had to be other ways into the market aside from that one door.

"Mabel, can you remember seeing anything that might have been another entrance?" Ford rubbed his chin, trying to remember all the doors he had experimented with before when trying to find the market. Of course there were the cursed doors, but those were far too dangerous to try. There had to be a safer way in. Or as safe as the supernatural could be.

Mabel tilted her head, shrugging.

"Anything that looked out of place? Or...strange? Anything that reminded you of something you've seen in Gravity Falls?"

"This clearly isn't working, Stanford, there are other ways to find an entrance, right? You have three books on this town!" Stan threw his hands up in the air before crossing them over his chest again.

"I told you, Stan, I've never actually found a way into the market before." Pinching his nose, Ford tried to reason out what to do if Mabel couldn't help him find an entrance. He had learned quite a few things in the multiverse, maybe he could use some of the bits and pieces he had brought back from other dimensions to make a detector of sorts.

Something tugged at Ford's coat again and he glanced back at Mabel. "Did you remember something?"

She juggled her hands up and down in a maybe gesture, before using her fingers to make a crescent shape in the air, then she pre-

tended to open a door and squatted down.

"...are you getting anything from that? Because I'm just weirded out."

Stan was talking, but Ford barely heard him. He was trying to piece together what Mabel was attempting to describe. Then she started reaching and pulling something from the imaginary place, like she was grabbing paper or...

"That's it!"

Mabel fell down at his shout and Stan jumped back, before frowning. "What's it?"

"An outhouse, that's what you saw?" Ford asked, ignoring Stan's question as he started trying to retrace the steps he had taken over thirty years ago.

Scrambling to her feet, Mabel nodded quickly.

"An outhouse, really?" Stan questioned, raising his eyebrows.

"I studied them years ago, they can be tricky to find and are a little unpredictable, but it's our best bet."

Stan didn't understand what Ford's plan was, but that was probably because his brother didn't tell him anything about it. All he knew was that one minute they were trying to communicate with Mabel through charades and the next, Ford was rushing off to the basement.

"Yeah, sure, don't include me. Not like she's my great niece too or anything," Stan mumbled to himself.

Something bumped his leg and he looked down and saw Mabel, who had her hand out like she was feeling for something. Stan was about to ask what she needed, when she wrapped her arms around his legs.

"Hey, don't worry kiddo," he said, patting her head. "If Ford's outhouse thing doesn't work out, I'll dig my own entrance to that stupid black market."

"I got it!"

Looking up, Stan saw Ford holding some sort of gun in his hand.

"What is *that*?"

"A freeze ray. I acquired it in a tundra dimension, very useful. I've been wanting to test it out on some anomalies ever since I got back." As he spoke, Ford fiddled with the gun, probably checking to make sure it wouldn't blow up or something.

"Yeah...maybe wait to test it out when Mabel's face isn't on the line." Leave it to Ford to use a possibly dangerous gun at a time like this.

"Nonsense, it will work fine. Come, Mabel." Ford started rushing towards the door and Stan rolled his eyes.

"She can't see idiot!" Reaching out, Stan was about to grab Mabel's hand, when Ford came back in and did just that, rushing off before Stan could register what was going on.

"Hey, wait up!"

"No time!" The front door slammed shut and Stan quickly raced after them, only to see the edge of Mabel's sweater disappearing into the woods. Sheesh, when had Ford gotten so athletic?

"You better bring her back with all of her parts in the right place!"

Sighing, Stan frowned at the woods before reaching behind the couch and grabbing his bat. Just in case. If they weren't back in thirty minutes, he'd go kick some face stealing butt himself.

"Yes, there it is!" Ford grinned down at Mabel, before remembering that she couldn't see him. Glancing back at the outhouse, he shuddered, remembering the one time he had entered it and ended up in the desert. But this time would be different, hopefully.

"Alright, you better wait here, I'll go in and--"

Mabel pulled on his hand then started tracing on her head with her finger again, the same shape as before.

"Dipper?"

She nodded, then pointed into the woods.

"He's in the woods?"

A quick shake of the head, then pointing down again.

"He's in the market with you?" Adrenaline pulsed through Ford's veins as he wondered what they might be experiencing down there, and wishing he was with them.

At Mabel's nod, Ford grinned, only for it to fall as Mabel quickly pulled on his coat again, hopping on her feet, which made a knot of anxiety grow in his chest.

"You're in danger?"

Another nod.

Ford wracked his brain, a plan slowly starting to form in his mind. "Mabel, can you lead Dipper to the outhouse down there?"

She gave him a thumbs up, and he nodded, despite her not being able to see him. "Just tell me when you enter."

A few seconds passed, then Mabel started flailing and Ford readied his gun.

*One...two...*the door flew open. Dipper and a blonde-haired girl bolted out, followed by the Face Snatcher.

"Prepare to be destroy-" It started saying, but Ford pulled the trigger and just like that, it was frozen.

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STOP
RIGH THERE,
MOTHMAN!

DID YOU
MISS ME? I
HOPE YOU DIDN'T
FORGET THAT
YOU STILL OWE
ME 12 BUCKS!

GASP!!

Heh
Heh
Heh

HEH,
NICE
TRY.

I MIGHT HAVE
BEEN GONE FOR
30 YEARS, BUT
THAT DOESN'T
MEAN I FOR--

O-OH.
YOU'RE JUST
GOING TO PAY
ME RIGHT
AWAY?

CLENCH

BUT
DID YOU
THINK IT
WAS THAT
EASY?

SILLY
MOTHMAN!
YOU FORGOT
TO TAKE
INFLATION
INTO ACCOUNT!

ALL THE MONEY

IF WE
CALCULATE
WITH BLAH
BLAH BLAH AND
YADDA YADDA,
YOU OWE ME
XXXXXX IN
CASH!!!

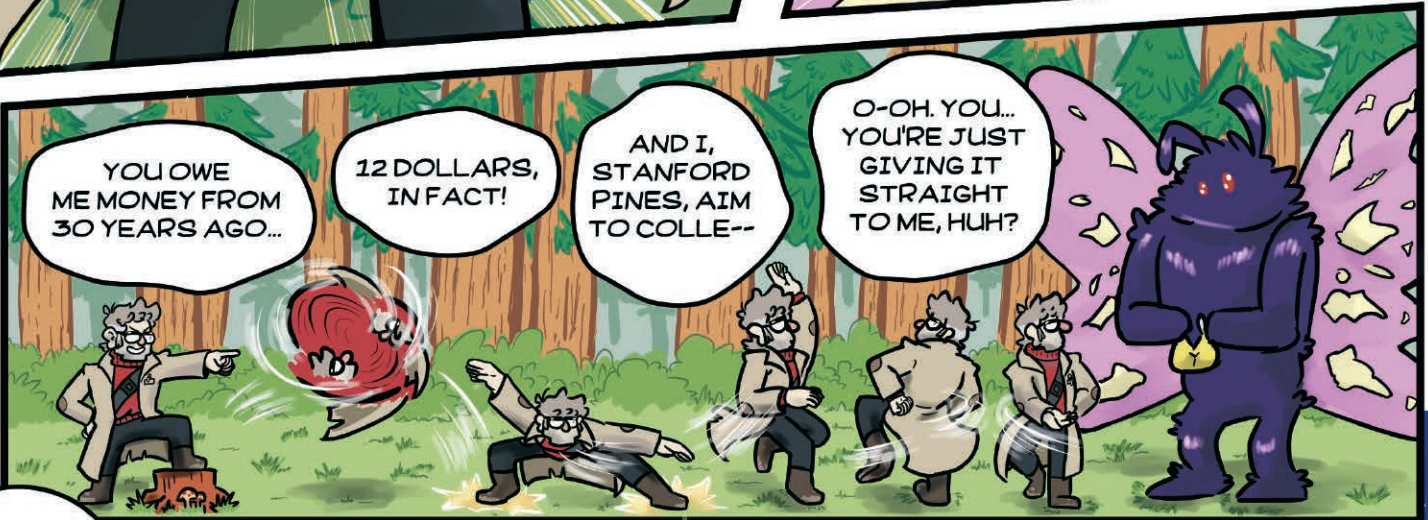


STOP
RIGHT
THERE...
MOTHMAN!

IT TOOK
ME A WHILE, BUT
I'VE FINALLY
TRACKED YOU
DOWN!



GASP!



YOU OWE
ME MONEY FROM
30 YEARS AGO...

12 DOLLARS,
IN FACT!

AND I,
STANFORD
PINES, AIM
TO COLLE--

O-OH. YOU...
YOU'RE JUST
GIVING IT
STRAIGHT
TO ME, HUH?

BUT
I'M SORRY
TO SAY...



YOU
FORGOT
SOMETHING!

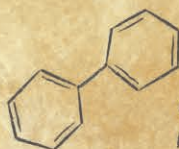
CASH MONEY

INFLATION!
INTEREST!

DID YOU THINK
I WOULD FAIL
TO TAKE THAT
INTO ACCOUNT?

After my latest endeavor to collect a debt from the elusive Moth Man, I received a distressed call from Stanley. Turns out the kids and the Northwest's daughter found themselves victim of that devilish schemer Mr. What's-His-Face, but luckily I arrived in time to freeze the monster with my ray gun.

(I must ask Dipper how he found the entrance to the paranormal black market. I've been trying to find it for years!)



O_2 (90.19 K)
 AIR (78.6 K)
 N_2 (77.36 K)
 H_2 (20.39 K)
 He (4.2 K)
 LN_2 63.2 K

ESCAPED!?

Lxxog ilw ul jkw tq zlvk
 wkdw vkdp wxxutrw kxw
 pb curwkhu frqyhuwhg pb
 krph lqwr



Following the capture of the face-snatching creature, I took him down to the bunker to place him in one of the cryochambers for later study. Immediately I discovered something terribly wrong. The Shapeshifter or "Shifty" as I used to call it with fondness, was nowhere to be found; his old chamber left shattered and out of commission. This, of course, left me with a newfound sense of dread. How long ago had Shifty escaped? Was he still somewhere in the bunker or, more urgently, was he **OUTSIDE** the bunker?



TRULY HAUNTING.
WILL HAVE TO ASK
DIPPER ABOUT
THIS ENCOUNTER



Not long after this fear had planted in my mind did I find my answer. However, I was presented with a terrifying development. Right in front of me stood my grand nephew, frozen and left screaming inside a cryochamber.

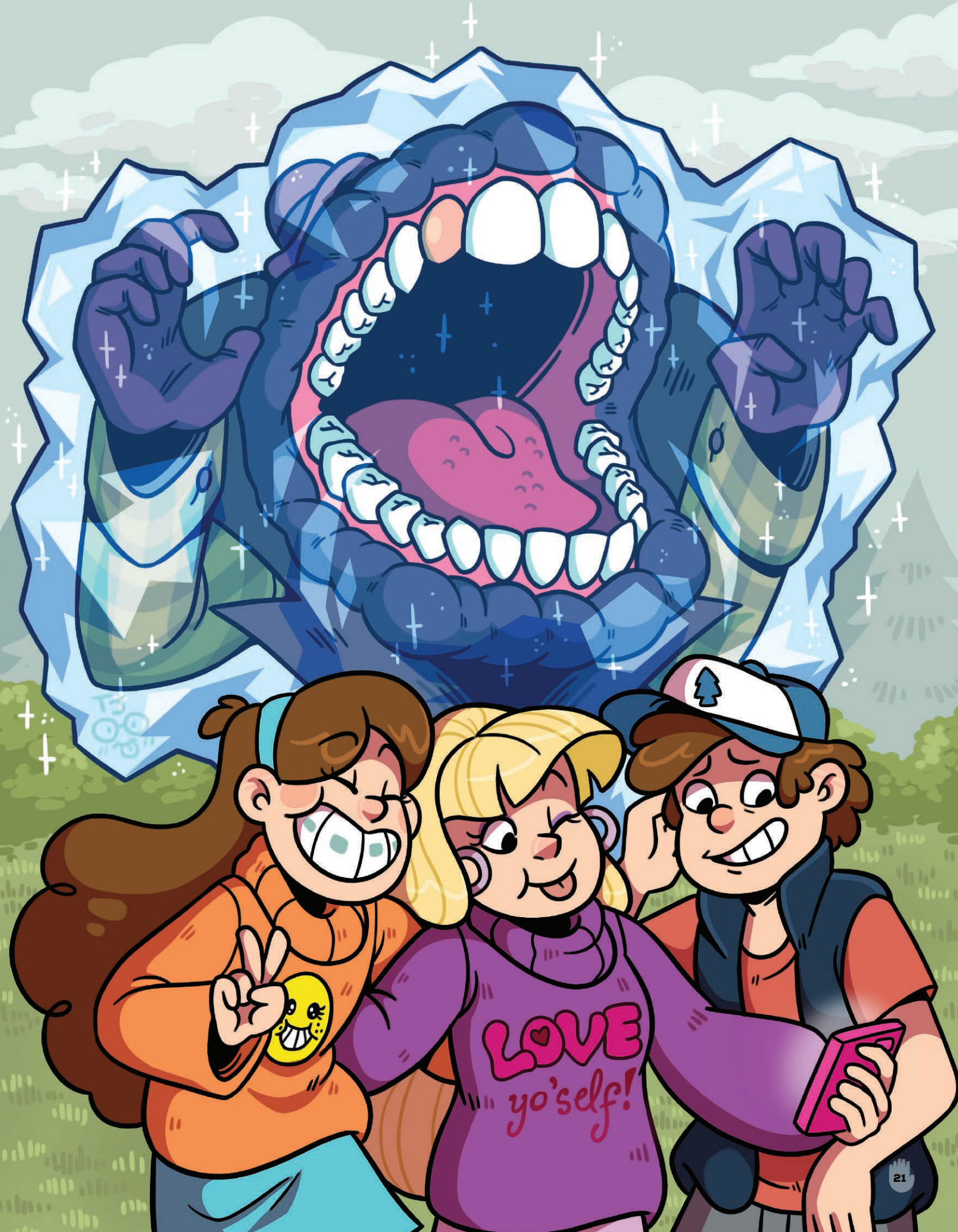
After the initial shock I became certain that this was, in fact, the shapeshifter. However, that meant Dipper, and by association Mabel, had seen this deplorable creature face-to-face.

I believe I may have underestimated Dipper after all. Maybe I should give his additions to my journal another chance...















The President's Key : Work In Progress

By: Abby

-The Crawlspace

-What is daily life like there?

-There's lots of crossovers in Face It and Don't Dimension It. What other universes is it connected to and how?

-What else was Mabel's body doing without a face?

-Could be a cool comic?

-This seems a little creepyÖ

-The faces on the wall

-Their lives seem boring

-The President's Key

-What other doors can it open? Where do those doors go?

-What if they went to other famous fictional worlds?

-Other famous fictional worlds?

-What about the cursed doors from Journal 3?

-Mothman!!!

-A just large moth? Or a man with a fascination for lamps?

-This is stupid.

Writer's note: I went through a lot of ideas, changing my mind dozens of times. In the end, I landed on the President's Key. I was pretty upset when it never made a comeback in the show, so when I saw it in the comic I was pretty happy. I still had lots of questions and this felt like the best place to explore them!

The President's Key

By: Abby

"Wow, so this key can open not just any lock in America but magical locks too?"

Dipper turned around, ceasing to chew on his pen with his back teeth and stared out at his cork board of 'President's Key Mysteries'. The twins' bedroom had become a mess, overridden with Dipper's papers, newspaper clippings, and thin lines of string all running towards the president's key. "There's near-endless possibilities of what this key was made to open! The government could have Bigfoot in a cage, the Lincoln Memorial could be a robot," he gripped Mabel by the shoulders, "they might have the frozen head of George Washington hidden beneath the White House!"

"Yikes, you gotta cool your noodle, Dip." Mabel picked the key up off the end table. "Who needs government conspiracies? This key can open *any* door. Think of all the adventures we can have!"

Pausing for thought, Dipper tapped a finger against his bottom lip. "But where to go? Gravity Falls is filled with government secrets and supernatural hotspots, it's hard to pick just one." His eyes lit up. "I got it! Come with me!" He grabbed Mabel by the wrist with one hand and the President's key with the other. He lead her through the Shack, behind the secret vending machine, and down into the cold depths of the basement.

"Great Uncle Ford wrote in the Journal that a cursed door temporarily appeared in the basement 30 years ago, but he hasn't checked since. That door could still be cursed!" he said.

"Cursed as in 'cursed to a long life of adventure and whimsy' or cursed as in 'you are going to die a slow and painful death'?"

"Likely the painful death. But with this," he waggled the key in his fingers, "we might be able to avoid certain doom! Aha! This is the door!" He skidded to a stop in front of a large metal door with caution tape and multiple signs that read CURSED DOOR! KEEP OUT, YOU WILL (LIKELY) DIE A SLOW AND PAINFUL DEATH, and I LOST MY CALCULATOR IN HERE! Several locks lined the door, but that wasn't a problem if you had a key that opened anything.

Mabel bit down on her bottom lip. "Uh, Dip, are you sure you wanna do this?"

"Pfft," he shrugged. "What's one cursed door in comparison to the other crazy stuff we've done this summer? Just yesterday we had our faces stolen."

"Good point. Open up that door!"

He jammed the President's Key into the lock, twisting it until he heard a click. The door creaked open, a faint white light breaking out from behind it. Dipper removed the key and crammed it into his pocket. The twins nodded to each other and proceeded to slip behind the cursed door.

The world blinked into view. A long dark hallway slinked into a dark and unseeable infinity. Identical white doors lined the hallway like a ribbon, seeming to grow smaller and smaller with forced perspective.

"Where are we?" Mabel asked, moving into the hallway. Her steps echoed on the white marble floor.

He turned around, the hallway still continuing behind him. "All cursed doors must lead here. This might be where some of the creatures in Gravity Falls are from. Maybe one of these doors leads back into the Crawlspace?"

Bouncing away from, Mabel surveyed the doors before her. "Let's find out!" She opened up one of the doors, peeking her head through. "Hello? Does anyone here know any good knock-knock jokes?"

There was no up or down, just an endless starry space. The air tasted stale and dry. Floating in the emptiness, an eyeball turned and blinked at her while the clock ticked time away at a rapid speed. It was completely nonsensical, crashing with the sound of a shattering window and the occasional passerby of $E=mc^2$ and other mathematical equations.

"Dipper, check this out. It's like a night zone or something." Leaning in for a closer look, her shoes slipped on the edge of the doorway.

He turned around, watching her dip further into the doorway. "Mabel, watch out!" he cried. Her breath caught as Dipper gripped to the back of her sweater, yanking her back inside before she could tumble into the endless space. "You've got to be more careful. We don't know where any of these doors..." his voice trailed off as he looked back out into the hallway. "Mabel, do you remember which door is ours?"

"Uhm... the white one?"

"They're all white! Oh no, we're lost. We're lost in a vast hallway of infinite doors. It could take us infinity to find the right one. Does time even exist here?"

"It's got to be one of these! Look!" She ran to the next door, clicking open the lock and peeking inside. She inhaled deeply. "This one has a musty Mystery Shack smell!"

"Wait for me!" Dipper shouted, keeping close pace as Mabel stepped into the doorway.

The room was neither big nor small. The black and white floor moved in zigzags against looming red curtains. It was enough to make Dipper feel dizzy. Smooth jazz and static hummed from an unknown source in the room.

“Woah.” Mabel ran her hand across one of the velvety curtains. “Is this some kind of upscale night club? Should we put on fancy clothes?”

Across the room, a small man in a small red suit did a dance. Occasionally he’d step to the beat, but mostly he paid no mind to the tempo of the music. He turned around, taking note of Dipper and Mabel, and smiled. “*kcōr s’tel, sdik yeH*” His voice sounded like a record being played backwards. He went back to dancing but didn’t break eye contact either.

“Uhm. Maybe we should go,” Dipper said, running back into the hallway. “I get to pick the next one,” he paced along the hallway, thinking through his options. “Hm. How about this one?”

When he opened the door, a wave of old and dusty air clawed its way through. Mr. What’s-His-Face lounged in his armchair amidst the wall of stolen faces, hanging like prized artwork. He turned, catching sight of Dipper, “Hey! It’s you! I want your face back!”

“Ahh! Any door but this one!” Dipper slammed the door shut behind him, panting for breath.

“This one is full of vaguely human frogs!” Mabel called from across the hallway. “Aww, they’re so cute with their shenanigans.”

Dipper pressed his ear up against another door. A soft, vaguely human murmur flowed through the wood. “I think I hear voices behind this one! It could be one of the other doors in Gravity Falls.” Mabel walked over to his side as he opened up the door.

The voices on the other side were definitely human, the bad news was that they belonged to a group of scientists and government agents all prodding at the cursed doorway.

“Oh man,” Dipper muttered under his breath.

All at once, the government agents drew their weapons as the group of scientists took notes and took pictures for evidence.

“Intruders!” One agent screamed.

“Do you speak English? Are you from this dimension?” A second asked.

“Aww, I think I dropped my calculator in there!” A scientist lamented.

“How did you kids get in here?” The first agent asked.

Mabel gave a nervous grin, “Would you believe us if I said we got lost in a magic door dimension?”

The second agent leaned over to the first and whispered, “They might be looking for the frozen head of George Washington, sir.”

Dipper nudged Mabel in the side, “Told ya’.”

“These kids know too much. Put them in a holding cell for investigation!”

Two more agents came, grabbing the twins and carrying them over to a room with a table, chairs, and two-way mirror inside. The air inside was overpowering with the smell of chemicals cleaners. “Agent M and Agent S will be in shortly.” They dropped the twins rather rudely on ground and left, locking the door behind them.

“I am a US congressman!” Mabel shouted. She banged her fists against the door. “This is a federal crime!”

Dipper sighed, moving from the floor to one of the chairs in the middle of the room. He curled his head and arms against the table. “I seriously screwed this one up. Now we’re locked in some secret government research facility!”

“Aww, come on,” Mabel said, pulling up the chair adjacent to his. “We’ve fought the government plenty of times. We can totally handle this. We just need to think of a way out of this locked room.”

“You’re right,” Dipper replied. He blinked a few times in thought, as if the answer were not completely obvious. “Wait!” He reached into his pocket. “The President’s Key! We can use it to escape this room!” He crept over to the door, clicking each lock open as quietly as possible. “Come on!” The twins crawled out, hiding behind tables and rolling carts back towards the door.

When they made it back to the door, it was swarming with scientists collecting data and occasionally putting their hand through the doorway. “Oh no,” Dipper whispered, “it’s completely surrounded. We’ll have to make a break for it.”

“On the count of 3. 1... 2...” Before Mabel could get to 3, one of the government agents pulled aside the cart the twins were hiding behind.

“It’s those kids!” he gasped.

“3!” Mabel gripped Dipper by the back of his shirt and made a mad dash towards the door. While it wasn’t the most eloquent of escapes, it was a daring escape nonetheless.

“How did you escape?” another agent yelled.

“We got a magic key from Quentin Trembly, suckas!” Mabel shouted and blew a raspberry at them.

“Knowledge of the 8th and half president is classified! Get them!”

Dipper knocked down one of the rolling carts while Mabel kicked a scientist in the back of the knees. Together they pushed through the crowd around the door, leaping into the infinite hallway.

Standing between the doors, Mabel spun around in confusion. “Which door is ours?”

“Get them!” the agents called, following them through the door.

Dipper looked around in wide-eyed panic. “Open all of them!”

Throwing open every door, the twins unleashed some strange and unusual things. One door led to a man speaking softly over the radio about a dog park. A second one was filled entirely with teeth and nothing else. Another gushed open with water and various sea creatures, causing the agents to slip and fall on the floor.

Mabel opened a series of doors in a row, “Nope. Nope. Nu-uh. Definitely not. Hang on,” she poked her head through. Sure enough the last one was a familiar basement laboratory, and a warning sign on the floor that read KEEP OUT! “This is the right one! Come on!”

Dipper barely dodged an agent trying to swipe at him, when a giant Octopus burst through one of the doors. It slinked a tentacle around the agent’s leg and dragged him back through the oceanic door.

Dipper turned and ran towards the door back home. He jumped inside just in time for Mabel to close the door behind him, blocking the path of the other government agents. She pressed her back up against it, holding it closed as the agents on the other side pushed and shoved.

Fumbling with the key, Dipper locked the door once more. With a sigh, the twins sunk to the ground in relief.

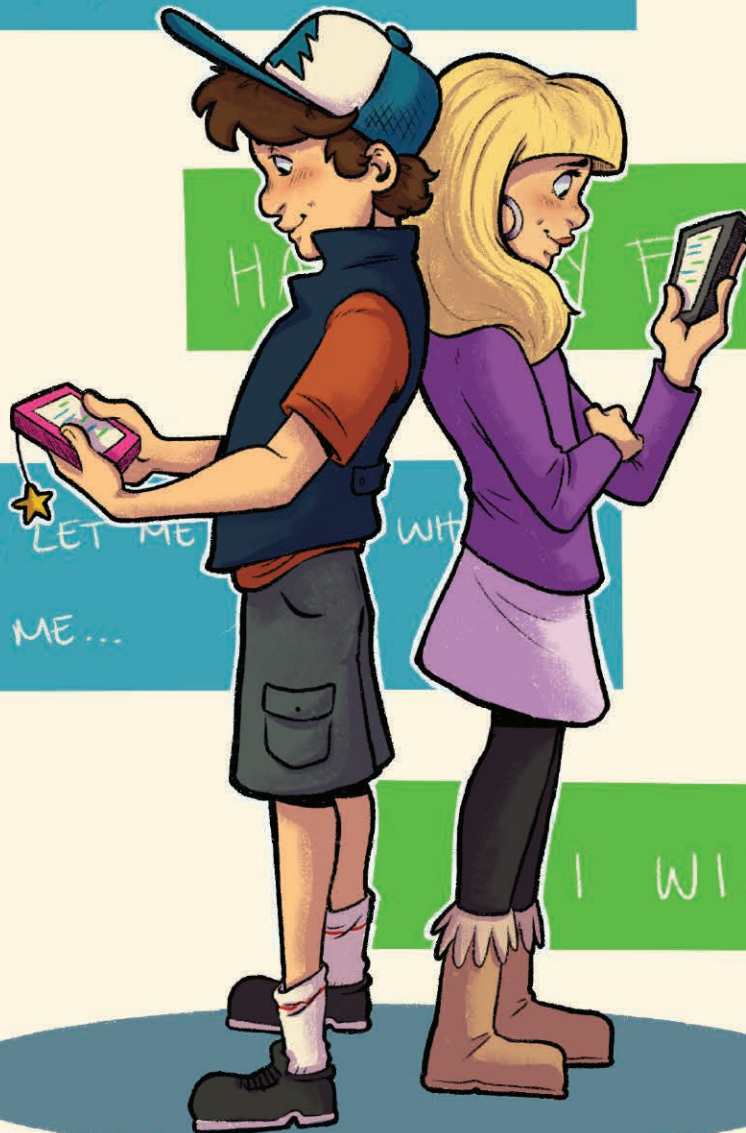
“No more magic doors?” he asked

“No more magic doors.”

THANKS AGAIN FOR
SAVING ME YESTERDAY...

GLAD I COULD HELP

ANY MORE OF THESE ENCOUNTERS
AND I'LL HAVE TO START
CHARGING YOU...

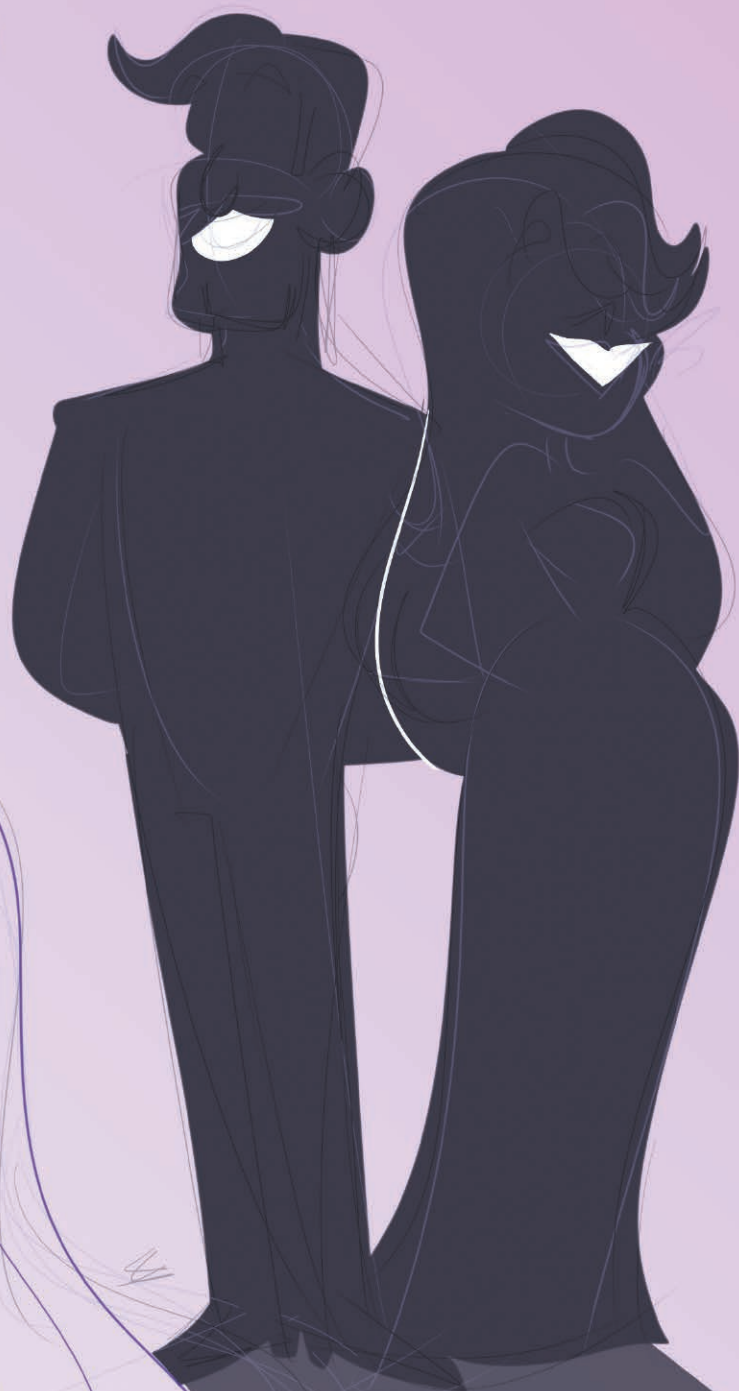


YEAH WELL, LET ME
YOU NEED ME...

HAPPY FRY!!

I WILL...

FACE it





TURQUOISE
GIRL35







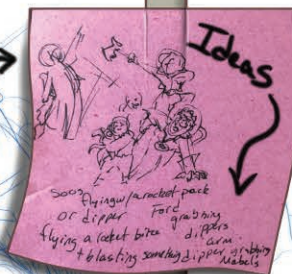
OH GREAT.
SCI-FI
NERDSVILLE.

No Ford,
this is not
fine!

Is this
some sick
yolk?

step
#1

Brainstorming
+ thumbnails



step
#2

Rough sketch
Basic layout and gestures

step
#3

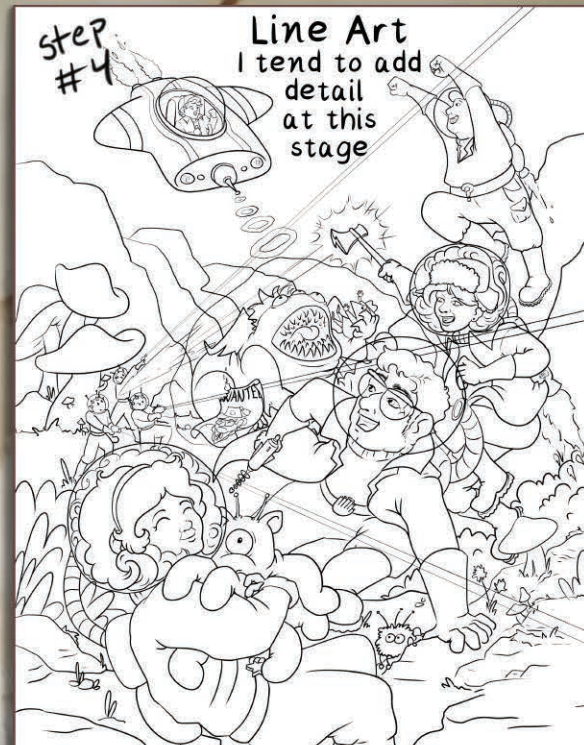
Final sketch



Poses and background finalized

step
#4

Line Art
I tend to add
detail
at this
stage



step
#5

Shade with lasso
+ pen tools



step
#6

Color!
+adjust as
needed



step
#7

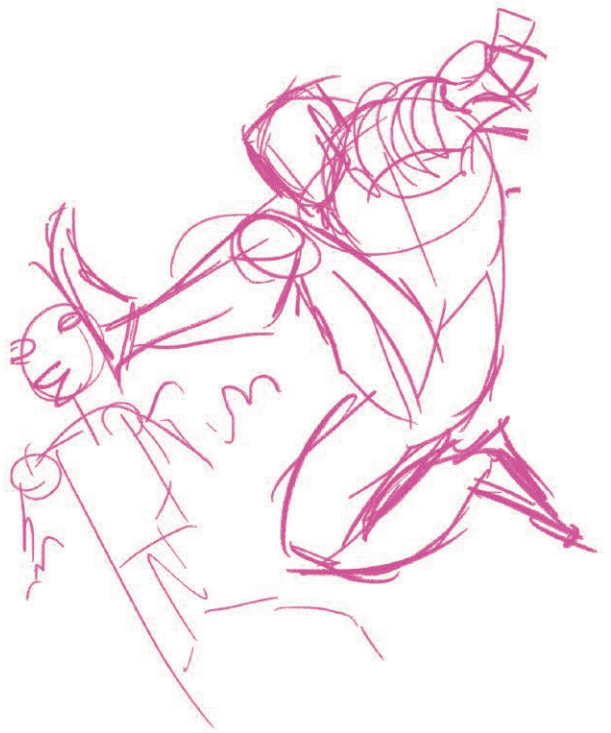
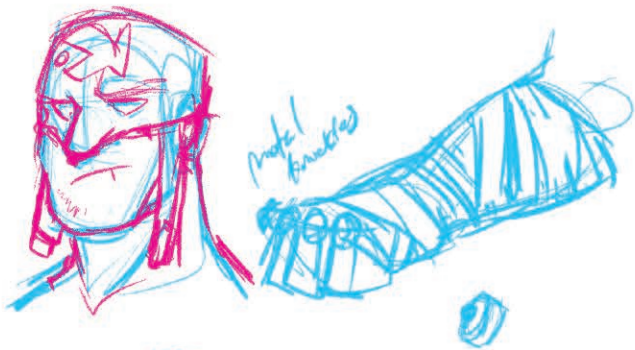
Comic/print
texture
added











Who said
I was
defenceless
without my
guns



25¢



GRAVITY FALLS



Family Bonding

By: Quinn

"There's something *fishy* going on around here," Stan said with narrowed eyes, feet set on the table and crossed at the ankles.

Ford, across from him, nodded sagely. His hands were clasped in front of his mouth. His glasses glinted, eerily reminiscent of the occasion where he was briefly a manga character. "You're right. There's something wrong with this entire situation, but I can't quite put my finger on *what*."

"Glad you agree." Stan clapped his hands together and *thumped* his chair back down to the floor. "Comic sales have *really* dropped recently. It's not natural. *Someone's* gotta be doing something."

"Ye- wait. What? I was talking about the pixies."

"Pssh. Those are old news-"

"They're actively burying people alive."

"-yeah, yeah, whatever, that's definitely important to a few people, probably. But listen. Comic sales have really tanked for me, and there's definitely something off about it."

Ford looked down, staring at the papers he'd strewn across the table. Currently, in Gravity Falls, there was a group of pixies that kept on kidnapping people and burying them alive. He thought it was very concerning. Stan thought it was less concerning, since the pixies just buried them up to their chest and made their lower bodies look like mermaids, but it was still a very serious situation and a lot of people were quite miffed.

Maybe things were getting just a little boring, actually.

"Okay," Ford said. "Sure. Comic sales aren't good. How is that weird?"

"Because I'm great at those comics. Kids love 'em. They've been eating it all up since last week, even when we were out sailing and I had to make Soos do all the 'independent publication,' so why now?"

This wasn't a mystery. Ford probably had better things to do than assure his brother that, yes, he was still talented, and there was definitely a legitimate reason why kids didn't like his comics about a kid who ran what was probably a multi-level marketing scheme, but... well. If he was going to be honest with himself, the pixies weren't really a big deal. They always caused some sort of chaos. The whole "burying people and making dirt mermaids out of them" was probably another one of those memes, which was impossible to fight against.

Being supportive was still something he needed to practice, anyway. Aiding Stan with something he cared about couldn't ever be a bad idea. Probably. Possibly.

"Alright, I get it," Ford said guilelessly. "Have you tried asking the kids who come by why they don't buy from you anymore?"

Stan narrowed his eyes. "Not yet."

—

"I dunno, Mister," Little Jimmy said, examining his fingernails. He leaned against the wall of the Gift Shop, where he purposefully walked after Stan tried to corner him. "What's this about come-icks? I can't seem to remember. Maybe a little bit of... *motivation* will help grind the gears a little, if you catch my drift."

"Don't sass me, Little Jimmy!" Stan shook his fist. "You know as well as I do that you're the biggest comic buyer in town! Talk!"

"What year is it?" Dipper asked no one. He sat behind the register, staring on with bemusement. "Why is his name Little Jimmy? Why is he asking for money? He's eight. Is this what the 60s were like?"

Mabel tsked and draped her arm over the counter. "Oh, Dipper. So innocent. So untainted by the world." She stared off into the distance. The *haunted-by-what-i've-seen* look was definitely something she practiced in the mirror. "I wish I could be like that too. The way I used to be."

"No, I mean, I definitely understand what's happening here. Little Jimmy is trying to extort money from Grunkle Stan. I just don't know how he learned this?"

Soos stopped sweeping and looked to them. "Oh, that's easy," he said. "That kid loves Mr. Pines' comic series. Read all of them. I think he started some, like, underground candy smuggling ring?"

"Can't prove I was the one who did it," Little Jimmy said, clearly guilty. "Can you guys stop now? We were doing something here."

"No we weren't!" Stan yelled, throwing his arms in the air. "Just tell me why none of your little friends aren't buying my comics

anymore!"

Little Jimmy shrugged. "I'd love to tell you, it's just the economy. You know."

"Does he even know what economy means?" Dipper asked Mabel.

"I barely know what economy means," Mabel told him.

Stan cursed under his breath. "Fine, fine, just- hang on a sec."

He rustled through his pockets. The front ones came up empty, as did the back, his jacket, three of the hidden pockets, until-

"A-ha!" He pulled his beanie off, grabbing something from underneath. "Here. Have this."

Little Jimmy stared cautiously at Stan's outstretched palm. Slowly, carefully, he extended his own hand, and Stan dropped what he was holding.

The Gift Shop was silent. It was a Sunday, so no tours were booked, and locals didn't usually care to come by. Little Jimmy examined what he held in the tense atmosphere.

"What are these," he said moments later. There was an alarming lack of emotion in his voice.

"It's- it's black licorice," Stan said. "They're shaped like dogs. Good for kids."

The kid stared at them with disgust, primly plucking a gray hair from the candy.

"Am I supposed to *eat* this?" he asked with a grimace.

"What? No." Stan looked taken aback. "Of course not. They're good luck. Keep 'em under your hat, or in your pocket or whatever."

Little Jimmy's grimace vanished. "Oh. That's fine then." He pocketed the dog-shaped licorice. "Anyway, there's been a new comic on the market. It has giant robots, swords, giant robots with swords- real popular, you know how it is. As the lead dealer in the, ah, *fine arts*-"

"*What does that mean*," Soos whispered.

"I think he collects comics or something," Mabel whispered back.

Little Jimmy rolled his eyes and continued, "Anyway, I tend to know what's in trend and what's... *out*. And listen, gramps-"

"I'm going to go to your house and drink all your milk," Stan told him.

"-I'm a big fan of your work, but compared to giant sword robots? It's out."

Stan stumbled backwards, clutching at his chest. Soos surged forward to catch him. His broom clattered to the ground

"*Say it isn't so*," Stan said, heartbroken.

"Come on, Little Jimmy," Soos pleaded, "at least tell us who's making the other comics! Mr. Pines can't take this sort of rejection!"

Little Jimmy shook his head mournfully. "No can do, Pineses. The guy who makes those things is a rich hermit- he can pay to publish his own stuff in local bookstores and no one has to know where he lives. Man's a mystery to us all. Anyway, bye."

With that, Little Jimmy spun on his heel and made his way out the door. Ford popped up from behind the stand where Stan set out his comic series.

"Was that Little Jimmy?" Ford asked. "Drat, I wanted to talk to him. Did you know he has an underground candy smuggling ring? That can't be normal. I didn't even know there was illegal candy."

Mabel *tsked*, folding her arms and shaking her head. "You and Dipper. So pure. So untainted by the realities of the world."

"That's not- never mind." Ford stepped towards Stan and Soos, knees creaking with every footfall. "I think I've figured out why kids aren't buying your comics anymore."

"I know why," Stan said balefully. "They found something else. Something *new*."

"No, it's- wait. You're right. How did you know?"

"I asked one of the kids that buys my comic books. You told me to do that."

"Oh, right." Ford held out a hand to Stan, hauling him up when his wrist was clasped. "I read your comics, and there's actually a concerning amount of swearing—I'm genuinely surprised parents haven't complained yet-"

"Every time they try I pretend the Shack's closed," Stan said.

"I just shoo them off with a broom," Soos said.

"-never mind. I just figure that anything with swears would be popular with kids, so I determined that the *only* reason they'd stop buying them is if they found something cooler with even *more* swears."

"Uh, Grunkle Ford?" Dipper asked. "Why would that be the only reason? A lot of things can influence comic sales."

Ford stared at him incredulously. "Do you *really* think that there would be a better explanation as to why a *kid's comic* with *swears* would stop selling? Don't be ridiculous."

"Yeah, Dipper, don't be ridiculous," Mabel said.

Dipper threw up his arms and slumped deeper into his chair.

"I know what I need to do," Stan told the room grimly. He set a fist on his hip, pointing to the door with his other hand. "*We need to go egg the comic book store!*"

Dipper, Mabel, and Soos cheered.

—

"What's egging the comic book store going to do?" Ford asked.

Stan shifted the cartons of eggs he was holding for easier gesticulating. "Easy. No one wants to go to a store with eggs all over it. Then the town will only have *one* place to buy comics, and *I* get all their money. *Hahahahaha!*"

Dipper and Mabel, both holding their own cartons, joined in on his maniacal laughter.

Ford thought about it. His steps never faltered beside Stan, though he was staring into the clouds

"Fair enough," he concluded. "But it's the middle of the day. How are you not going to get caught?"

"Psh, you kidding me? We can outrun Blubs and Durland any day of the week."

They reached the comic book store. It was across from the movie theater, with flaking blue paint and a sign that read "*COMICS, COMICS, COMICS! WE GOT NOTHING ELSE! NO REAL BOOKS HERE!*" displayed in the window.

"I bet *these* guys don't call 'em graphic novels," Stan mumbled.

"Less talking, more egging!" Mabel threw an entire container of eggs at the side of the store. It made an unsatisfying splatter and slid down the window. "Darn. I wanted to make Soos proud."

Stan shrugged. "Eh, someone had to stay behind to keep the Shack open, and he's always happy to do that."

He leaned over and set his armful of eggs on the ground, Dipper and Mabel following. Ford didn't buy his own eggs since he figured ten dozen was enough for two stores.

"Arm yourselves, men," Stan told them. "We have a corporation to take down."

The four of them readied their weapons, then took fire.

By the time five minutes had passed they were mostly through with their eggs and the storefront window was runny with yolk. Between cartons, Dipper paused, wiping sweat off his forehead.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a woman on her phone.

"Uh, guys?" he said. "I think maybe doing this out in the open might've actually been a bad idea."

"Can it, Dipper! We still have eggs left!" Stan yelled. The comic book store opened, and he nailed a patron right in the head as they were running to leave. "*Ha ha! Suck it!*"

"No, guys, I think someone's called the—"

"*Police! Put your hands up!*"

Stan stared at the police officer, brandishing a baton. Then he stared at the egg in his hand.

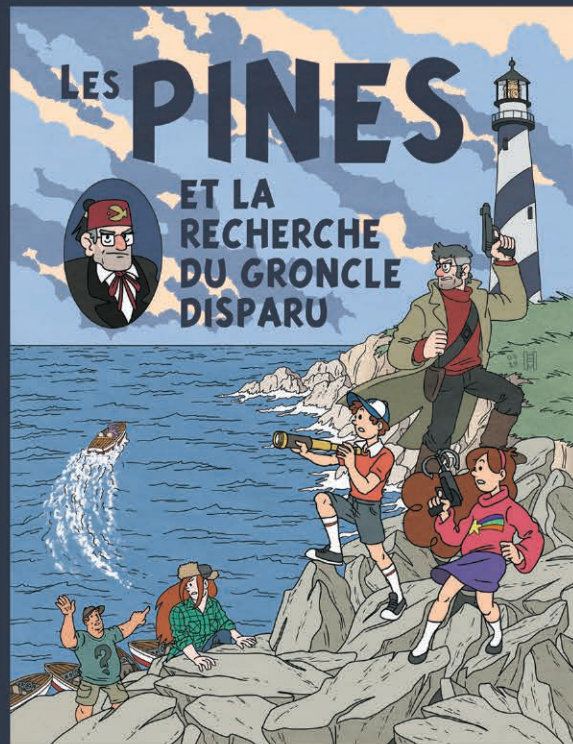
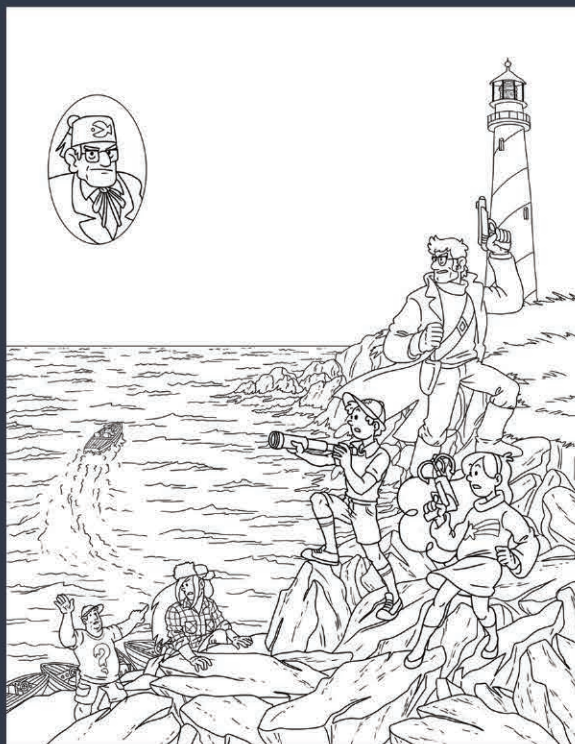
The egg, without further ado, found its way on the police officer's face.

"*I thought it was going to be Blubs and Durland again!*" Mabel screeched, running for the hills. "Not the competent ones!"

Ford very efficiently pelted the cop and the car with his own eggs, allowing Mabel and Stan to get in the Stanmobile. After they buckled in, Ford vaulted over the roof and dove into the passenger seat.



THE GRIMDARK CHRONICLES



LES PINES



ET LA RECHERCHE DU GRONCLE DISPARU



Just One Issue After Another

By: Noia

Contrary to popular belief, Stan actually didn't get cursed as often as anyone that knew him might think. Magically, that is. Verbally speaking, he got cursed exactly as often as anyone would expect.

That being said, even if this was normal as far as curses went, it didn't feel like it. He felt his body turn into literal liquid though it didn't hurt. Then for a split second he saw himself, a rough blur of colors like an inked picture that had gotten smudged before it dried. After that, everything around him became a jumbled mess of lines and colors intersecting with each other. Sharp angles and mismatched edges that looked like they were being folded in on him over and then over again.

It only took a couple seconds and then he was standing inside of a blank box, outlined by a black line that acted like walls keeping him in. Stan glanced at the empty space around him. Not a lot to work with....

As he grumbled a curse he saw the actual word censored in a sharp word bubble near his head. "Hey," he protested, "I can't even have my own swear words now?! Where's the line with this curse, huh?!"

That was when a single black line came into existence on the ground in front of him.

Smart@#%

"Just for that, I'm burning this comic the second I get out of here." Probably all the comics... and the chest. He'd figure that out once he got out of here.

Stan went to push on the boundary of the box, kicking at it to see if it would move. Once again, the yellow box popped up, crossing over a couple of the panels.

LITTLE DID STAN KNOW THAT HE WOULD BE STUCK INSIDE FOR ALL ETERNITY.

UNLESS...

"Unless I escape, which is what I plan on doing." All he had to do was figure a way out, or at least anywhere else because being in the middle of nowhere wasn't doing him any good.

The narration box continued, ignoring Stan's words, the words going over the edge of his own box, giving him an idea.

UNLESS... HE APOLOGIZED.

"Uh-huh, yeah, don't hold your breath," Stan said, already reaching for the corner of his own box.

He pulled at the lines, folding the corner of the page over to see something with color. With a 'hup' sound effect he dropped through and fell directly inside of a diner. Near a bunch of teenagers too, as if being stuck in a comic wasn't already bad enough. It only took him half a second to remember the comic they were from. Blarchie and Friends.

"Gajoints!" Blarchie exclaimed, jumping.

"If you say that again, I *will* punch you in the face," Stan immediately warned him. "It's a stupid made up word and *nobody* talks like that. Especially teens."

"Jeez, relax," Milkjug said, burger in hand, as he reached into his coat pocket with his free hand only to take out another burger to take a bite out of.

Stan groaned. "Look, I don't wanna hang around a bunch of boring 70-year-old teenagers so point me in a direction that gets me out of here."

"You asked us for help while insulting us...?" Blarchie frowned at him.

"Yeah, and I'll do it again. Watch," Stan said.

Before he got the chance though, a milkshake was spilled at his feet. Then in the next second, with a push from the teenagers he was sent sliding across the diner and right into the door leading outside.

When Stan landed he could already tell by the much darker style that he was in a new comic. His face was on a cracked stone floor inside of some old castle, rich but dusty furniture near him.

"Hey," a gruff voice said.

In front of Stan was a pair of cloven feet. Towering in front of him was a red demon looking character with broken horns now awkwardly staring down at him.

"... Hey," Stan said, from the ground.

They offered a hand down towards him, to help him up. "Let me guess, cursed, right?"

Stan took the hand, if for nothing else because it was already awkward enough. "Yeah." Even when standing his head couldn't even reach their shoulders.

"I know how that feels. I'm Hellgoat," they said.

"*"Hellgoat,"*" Stan asked. "Seriously?"

"I know. Believe me, it wouldn't have been my first choice."

An ominous hissing sound effect started filtering around the pair of them as the coloring turned more dramatic.

Hellgoat took out a massively oversized gun that was about as big as their own forearm to reload it. "Hey, so you got about three panels to get out of here before monsters show up and start chasing you. You might want to... you know." Hellgoat pointed to a set of stairs.

"*Get the hell out of here, yup,*" Stan said, already running over to the staircase as the hissing took up more of the space around him.

"Good luck with your curse," they said after him.

"Good luck with your vampire-demon-ghosts or whatever."

As Stan went down the stairs he came, *yet again*, into another comic style.

Over and over it went for a good few minutes. Some characters he didn't know at all. Others brought back memories from his childhood, and with each familiar face he got more and more frustrated.

Comics should not have been cropping up in his life *this* long! He'd tried to put comics behind him decades ago, and no matter what they always seemed to pop back into his life one way or another!

Kids leaving their comics behind in the Mystery Shack over the years. The fist fight with Stan Lee, who he absolutely had not provoked, when Stan was in his 20s. The second fist fight with Stan Lee who just turned out to be a look-alike. *A curse that put him into a literal comic world.*

Why did Soos have to bring over all those stupid comics?

AND SO STAN WENT THROUGH GRAPHIC NOVEL AFTER GRAPHIC NOVEL TO NO AVAIL ONLY TO END UP...

Stan groaned out loud angrily at the return of the narration box. He looked up at the box and swung at it, causing it to tilt upwards. The box became smaller as the sentence continued.

AT HIS VERY OWN.

Over his head the title appeared in Stan's own handwriting from when he was young.

Lil' Stanley

He grimaced. He didn't even want to think about it much less actually see it again. It had just been a stupid comic he'd made when he was a kid.

Begrudgingly, he looked over to see all his old art come to life around him. He'd thrown out every single scrap of paper he'd used for the comic and now here it was surrounding him just like every old mistake he made always seemed to do.

Crossing his arms over his chest, he began trudging through panels of his art chock full of endless mistakes. All the coloring that went over the lines. Trees that just looked like green clouds. Everywhere he looked he saw something that made him cringe in retrospect. Even though he was ten when he'd made this comic... his art hadn't gotten much better since.

A short wooden stand with a sign for knuckle sandwiches stuck out to him and he stopped as he saw it, remembering the joke behind it. Heck, it had to have been the best joke in the whole comic! Even thinking about it now had him smiling to himself.

He drew a few different versions with this, but he'd been really excited to make it a running joke through the rest of the comic. He'd even sketched out scenes ahead of time to add in with later issues! He'd gotten both Ford and Ma to laugh with this one. He'd almost showed it to Pa too, but thought better of it before actually doing it.

Stan walked around to kneel behind the stand, putting his elbows on top of the overturned wooden box. He didn't think about how short the stand was until he actually got behind it. It was a good height for *Lil' Stanley*, not so much for him. It was one of the better things drawn here though. Pa definitely would have yelled at him if he'd seen how much paper Stan had wasted on the comic. He'd drawn the page so many times to try and get the joke just right. The best delivery possible. He knew for sure he'd nailed it.

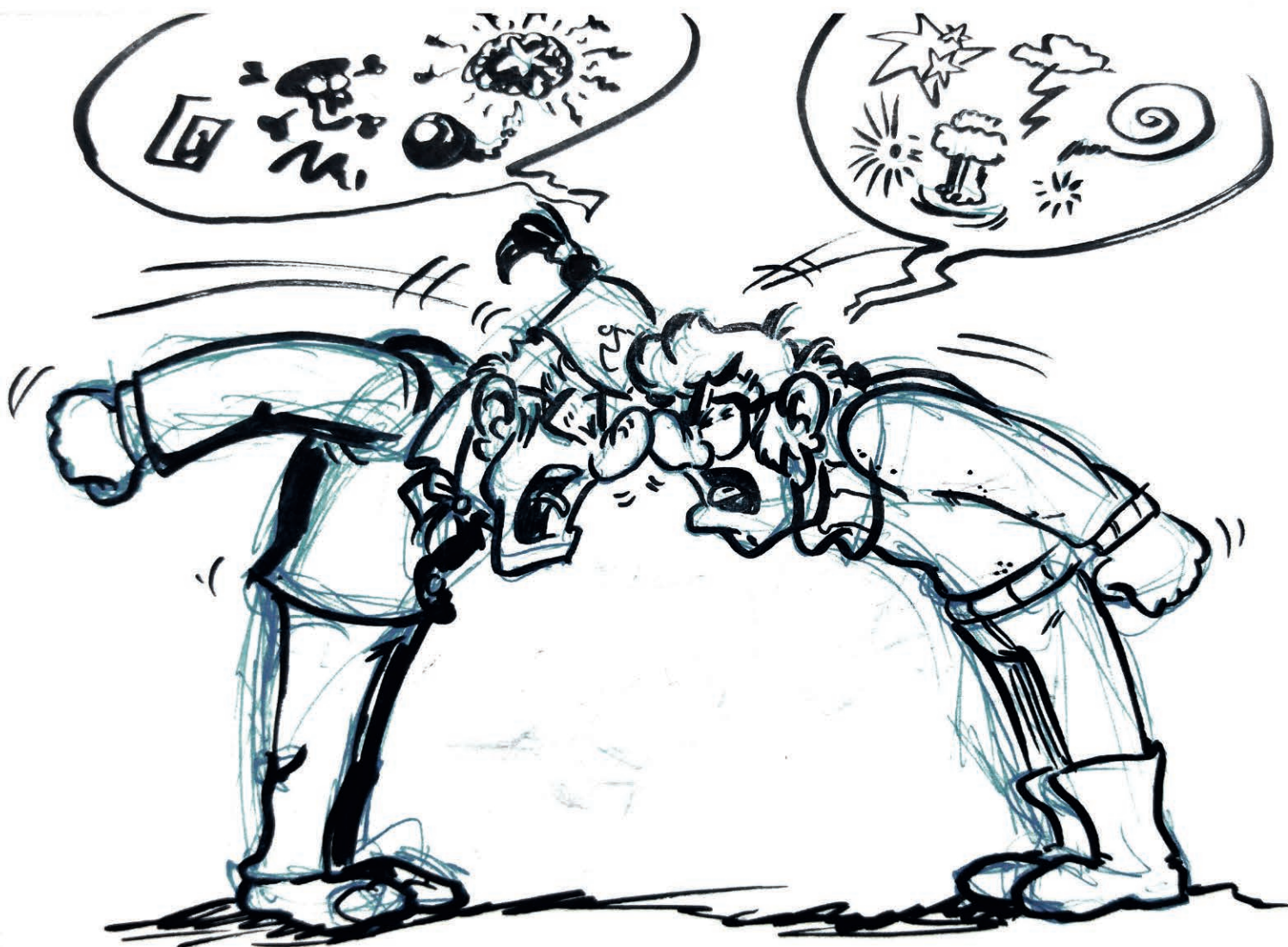
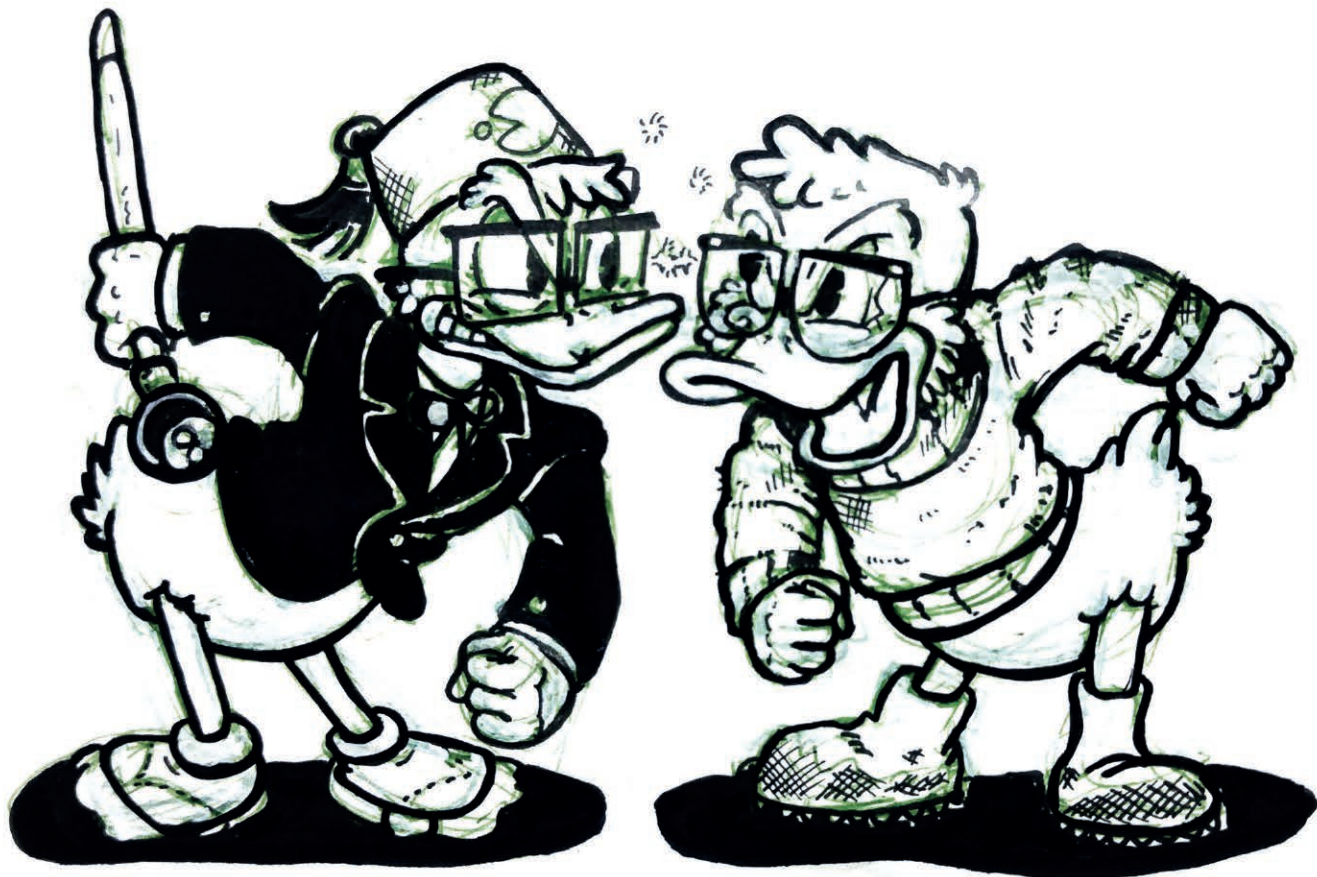
He'd gotten so caught up with the comic when he'd made it. This was going to be the one. The comic that made up where all the other comics fell short. It was going to be *the* comic for other kids, complete with uncensored swear words!

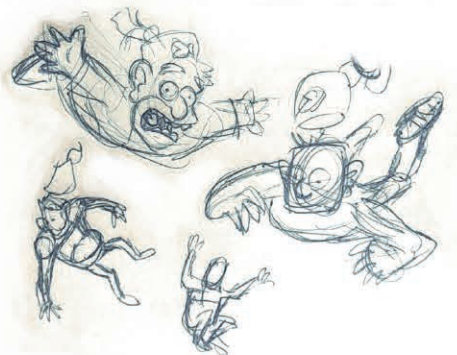
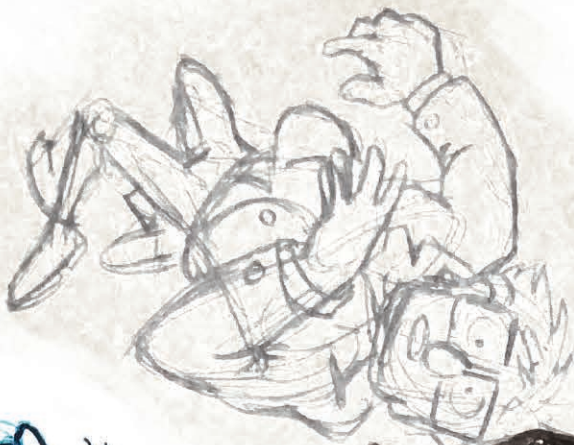
Slowly, Stan came back down from the nostalgia to remember reality again. It hadn't been *any* of those things. It wasn't even mediocre enough to even get through to publishing. Every single publisher he went to had rejected him.

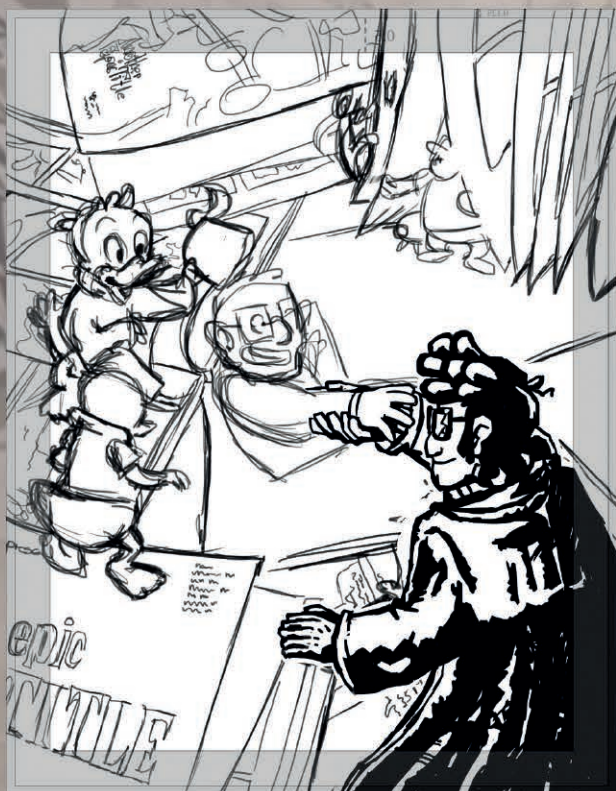
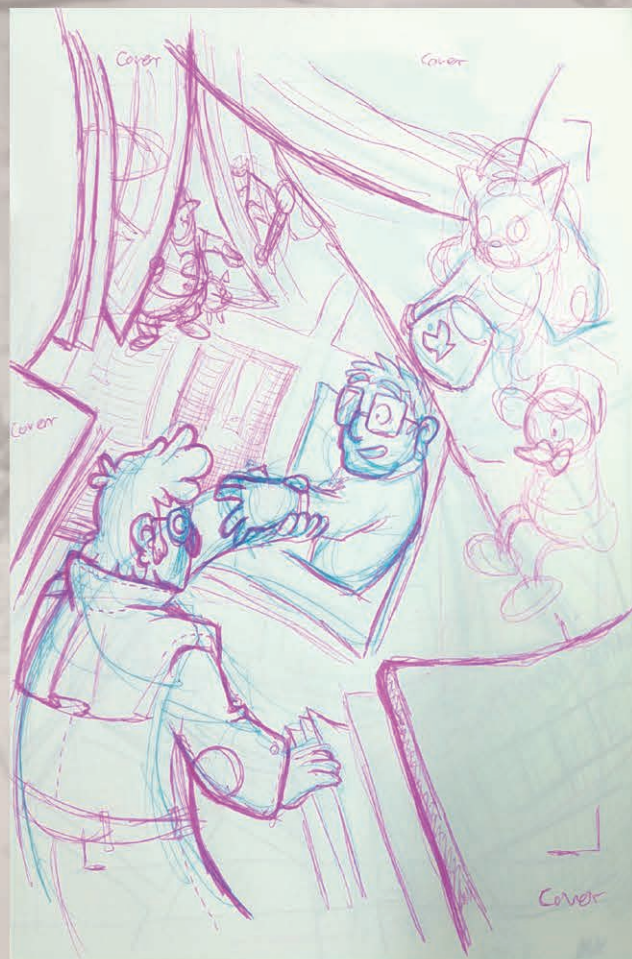
He couldn't even remember how many nights he stayed up later than Ford working on the comic. He'd made sure it was the best it could be though before he started showing publishers. Even his best though had just been... garbage.

All the thought and effort he'd put into it hadn't even mattered. It still hadn't been good enough, and he should have known that ahead of time.

Even if Ma and Ford had actually liked it... *it was clear that nobody else did*, and for some reason that *still* hurt. Stan slumped over the stand, emotions burning up through his chest, as he leaned his head onto his arms.











Soos and Stan's Excellent Convention Adventure

By: Mitchan

"SURPRISE, MR. PINES!" Soos exclaimed as he finally removed the blindfold from Stan's head.

"AGH! WHAT'S THIS?" Stan screamed, recoiling from the sudden assault on his senses- a swarm of bright colors and movement from all sides, the stench of sweat slow-cooked for hours in enclosed spaces, and the mingled sound of hundreds of excited conversations above the thrum of cheery pop music.

"None other than the Mecca of comics fans everywhere - the final and greatest destination of our Awesome Mr. Mystery Road Trip - the Great West Coast COMICS CONVENTION!" said Soos, gesturing grandly with his arms.

"No way! I thought we were going to trash some more Californian tourist traps, not go to- to some kind of nerd gathering!" Stan said, side-eying a group of people dressed as characters from Dungeons, Dungeons and More Dungeons.

"Aw, Mr. Pines! This has been my dream since I was, like, twelve! And I thought, since you confessed your love for comics-

"I did NOT-

"-you'd enjoy this too! Also, the comic I made? I'd really like to show it to some people from the business, see what they think! I even brought some copies of Li'l Stanley to-

"Give me those!" said Stan, panicked, making a grab for them, but Soos moved back a step.

"Just for a few hours, Mr. Pines! Please? Pleeese?" he begged, knowing full well Stan was immune to his puppy face. So he played his trump card: "It's my birthday! And this is the best present I could ever ask for!

Stan relented. He sighed in aggravation. "OK, fine. But," he warned, "if I even catch a glimpse of Stan Lee, I'm outta here!"

"Haha, yeah, okay," said Soos, looking very shifty. Stan narrowed his eyes in suspicion, but before he could press the point, Soos had him enveloped in a hug.

"This is gonna be so great, dood! Look! It's Captain Nazi-Puncher and the Awesome Arachno-Dude! Let's go take a picture with them!"

"Travelling made me too soft," Stan was grumbling less than an hour later, already regretting his decision.

The convention center was enormous, and even though he wasn't as skittish as Ford among crowds and large spaces, he still felt his age as he wandered through groups of the most bizarre people he'd seen outside of a Woodstick concert. Many wore costumes as if this were a nerdy Summerween party- some characters he recognised from classic comics, others rang a bell from movies Mabel and Dipper made him watch, and some must surely be made up:

"What's that guy with yellow horns wearing nothing but yellow paint supposed to be?" Stan asked, grimacing at the sight.

Soos laughed. "Oh, it's only the cutest character in a video game turned cartoon turned movie turned video game! They're these cute animals you catch and force to fight each other and..."

Stan tuned him out after that. Once inside the main area, a dizzying labyrinth of stands, Soos ran to inspect life-sized plastic figures in display cases, while Stan's attention was caught by the price tags of the merchandise.

"Fifty bucks for a Nazi-Puncher T-shirt? What a rip-off!" he said admiringly.

"Hey, Mr. Pines, I'm uh, I'm kinda hungry, so I'll just go buy a hot dog from the cafeteria and come back... I might be gone a while... there's lines everywhere, haha! I'll be back, I promise!" Soos said, while Stan was busy examining pixel art keychains that must have cost a pittance to make, provided one had enough cheap labor to make them.

"Yeah, yeah," he replied, his businessman's mind making cost-profit calculations.

After a while, he realized he'd seen bobbleheads, costumes, figures, posters, baseball caps, even snow globes, but not a single comic.

"Isn't this supposed to be a comics convention? Where are the comics?" he turned around to ask Soos. Who was nowhere to be seen.

"Then the twin Luchadores, Estrella Fugaz and El Pino," Soos pointed to the drawing of two teenagers in matching wrestler outfits with capes and masks, pink and dark blue respectively, "discover that their wise old mentor, El Stanto, has been imprisoned in the Pyramid Fortress of Doom! They set out to rescue him with the help of Poncho Hat," he showed the dramatic entrance of a round-bellied figure clad in a cowboy hat and a dark poncho.

"And also Lumberjack Moon, ax-throwing evil-fighter by moonlight, regular lumberjack girl by daylight! When they finally rescue El Stan-to, he reveals his deepest, darkest secret: El Triangulo's most dangerous minion, Book Demon, is his own twin brother, brainwashed by the psychic powers of El Triangulo!" he pointed at a page depicting the menacing figures of a red triangle with a large moustache and mariachi hat, and a masked minion with a six-fingered handprint on his bare chest.

"They must figure out a way to free Book Demon from the evil influence and face their last battle in the lucha libre ring: a battle for the fate of the universe!" Soos finished, vibrating with excitement, as he opened his comic to the last pages: a two-page epic fight traced from a superhero comic.

The people around him in the line clapped politely. Soos heard clapping from the signing booth, and he turned around, heart hammering in his chest. Was that-

"Oh. You're not Stan Lee," Soos blurted out.

The young man in a goatee and plaid shirt frowned from the booth.

"I wish! I'm-"

"Wait! So where is the line for the Stan Lee autographs?" Soos asked, looking around desperately.

"Right there," the man pointed to what Soos had first thought were five different lines, and could now see was a single long line stretching beyond the autograph area.

"I think some of them have been in line for a week," a woman commented behind him.

"I will get Stan Lee's autograph before I die of hunger!" they heard a hollow-eyed fan in the closest line muttering as he shivered. "Unless these orange snakes get to me first!" he added in the middle of hallucinogenic madness.

Soos felt his hopes crash to the floor and shatter. "There's no way I'll get to show Stan Lee my comic!" he wailed in despair.

"Do you want my autograph or not?" said the man in the booth, exasperated.

Stan paced the hallway, scratching his head. He vaguely recalled Soos saying something before he disappeared - what, he had no idea. He could report Soos as a missing child through the PA system. It had worked once at a supermarket. But where would he go for that?

"Where's that stupid camera-phone when I need it?" Stan complained. Not that he could have made a call with the ceramic brick people called "a phone" nowadays in any case- he'd left it in the car for a reason.

"Agh!" As he turned a corner, he found himself staring directly at Stan Lee: a huge poster advertising how he would be giving autographs at extremely specific times during the convention. Stan eyed the poster with trepidation. And then he saw the prices.

"Huh," he said.

Soos took another bite of the bland hot dog, but not even the taste of lukewarm, half-congealed grease could cheer him up.

The truth was, right next to the wall in his childhood bedroom covered with mementos of Stan Pines (off-center photos of him giving tours, the written instructions for the first attraction he'd showed him how to make, a torn-off piece of a failed werewolf costume full of chest hair), there was a smaller shrine full of legendary comic pages, photos taken from across a conference hall, and magazine interviews of Stan Lee, his comic-book idol.

It seemed he was fated to never meet him.

"It's impossible!" a voice broke through Soos' glum musings. He looked up to watch a group of fans walk hurriedly past him, muttering in low voices.

"Look, Greg took a photo! And that's his signature, all right!"

"The photo's all dark and blurry! And that signature looks weird to me..."

"Listen, don't you think it's worth taking a look? If it's really him-

"But how could Stan Lee be giving autographs for half-price at the back of the center, under the escalator? That doesn't make any sense!"

"Shhh! You want everyone to hear? Let's go before word gets around!"

Soos' eyes blazed with the fire of a new mission. Slowly, he turned his cap backwards and stood up.

"I know a faster way," he muttered.

A part of him knew he didn't need to do it. Somehow, after all these years, he'd gotten everything he'd ever wanted. He no longer was the desperate twenty-something who'd try any scheme on the off-chance he'd get rich from it.

Another part of him looked at the smug face on the poster and thought: "you don't think I can pull it off? Just you wait."

He had Old Man Powers. With large sunglasses, a fake moustache, hair slicked back and a suit jacket, plus an improvised booth he'd borrowed from distracted sellers, he set up his prices in black marker and waited for some rubes to take the bait.

And take it they did. They must be really desperate, he mused, as he watched with equal parts glee and foreboding as the line of people under the escalator grew and grew, excited mutterings and people craning their necks to get a glimpse of the figure selling "Stan Lee" autographs in the shadows.

A sketchy guy with his face covered by a handkerchief leant closer as he was signing with a flourish.

"For an extra price... will you... sign in your own blood?" he whispered, brandishing a needle.

"What? Ew! No way!" he answered immediately. Then: "Wait, how much of an extra are we talkin' about?"

He was distracted by haggling, so he didn't notice when the crowd went eerily quiet, and started parting like the Red Sea.

"Stan Pines... you've gotten old," said a clear, smug voice.

Stan froze to the spot. The sketchy guy practically vanished into thin air, and he saw in front of him a group of burly security guards standing aside as a stooped old man in tinted glasses stepped forward. He was grinning dangerously.

Affecting nonchalance, as if he hadn't gotten a black eye the last time they'd seen each other, Stan stood up and faced Stan Lee.

"Look who's talking. Were you ever young?" he replied.

Stan Lee stopped smiling. He raised his cane threateningly.

"I told you to never come back to a convention, didn't I? And now, thirty years later, I find you here, scamming the fans. I knew it was you as soon as I heard the rumors."

Stan puffed up his chest and grinned. "Oh yeah? What're ya gonna do? Punch me again? No offense, your hand would break," he said.

"You underestimate me," Stan Lee grinned. "I just might punch you to prove it," and he snapped his fingers with the flair of a mafia boss, and two of the security guards advanced on him.

"Wait, no, please, don't hurt my Dad, I mean my ex-boss father figure!" Soos screamed and barrelled out from the crowd, putting himself, arms raised, between Stan and the security guards.

And then he took out his comic and held it out to Stan Lee, like an offering to appease a god.

"And also STAN LEE YOU'RE MY IDOL AND SECOND-FAVORITE STANLEY AND PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE TAKE A LOOK AT MY COMIC!"

Stan Lee raised a questioning eyebrow as he gingerly took Soos' comic. Stan recognized an escape opportunity when he saw one.

Smashing down a pair of smoke bombs, he grabbed Soos' arm and pulled him past Stan Lee and the guards and out of the convention center to safety, sticking a Mystery Shack sticker on the shoulder of Stan Lee's jacket as he screamed: "Never mess with the Pines!"

As he drove them back north, Soos kept disturbingly quiet. He didn't even try to put on one of his irritatingly catchy hip-hop tunes to liven up the drive. Stan fidgeted in the passenger seat.

Finally, he couldn't stand it anymore.

"I wanted his autograph, too," he confessed.

"What?" Soos turned to look at him.

"That time we fought. I just wanted to meet him, have him sign a comic for me. Then it all went to hell. Old man got angry because he found out I'd shoplifted a couple of comics."

"A couple?"

"Well, ten or so, give or take. I got defensive. Might've said a few things about how the Fantabulous Four were the most boring superhero team in history, he said there could only be one Stanley in the comics world, some punches were thrown..."

"You never got the autograph?" Soos asked.

"Nope," Stan answered.

There was a large envelope waiting for them when they finally got back home to Gravity Falls.

"It's from California," Dipper pointed out.

"And it's addressed to 'Stan Pines' Adopted Son'", Mabel said, frowning.

"Oh my God," said Soos, clutching at Stan's arm. "Could it be...? I think I'm gonna faint. Should I open it? Let me open it. Or no, I don't think I can. Doods, open it for me."

"It might be a restraining order," Stan commented, eying the envelope suspiciously.

Mabel opened it carefully and Soos' comic came tumbling out onto the table.

Soos picked it up with trembling hands. It was untouched, save for a slip of paper at the last page.

It read: "Art needs improvement. Excellent story, very creative. Very human drama at the heart of it. Interesting characters. Keep up the good work! Excelsior. Stan Lee."

There were tears in his eyes when Soos finally looked up from the note.

"I got his autograph," he whispered, before fainting.

"Look! There's something else in here," said Dipper, shaking out the envelope. A copy of Li'l Stanley, that had been hidden between the folds of Soos' bigger comic, fell out.

Scribbled over the cover was a quick scrawl: "Pines, this is horrible. Please burn it immediately. Stan Lee."

"Huh. I got an autograph, too," Stan said, holding his comics in his hands.

"So cool," muttered Soos, from the floor.

THE END

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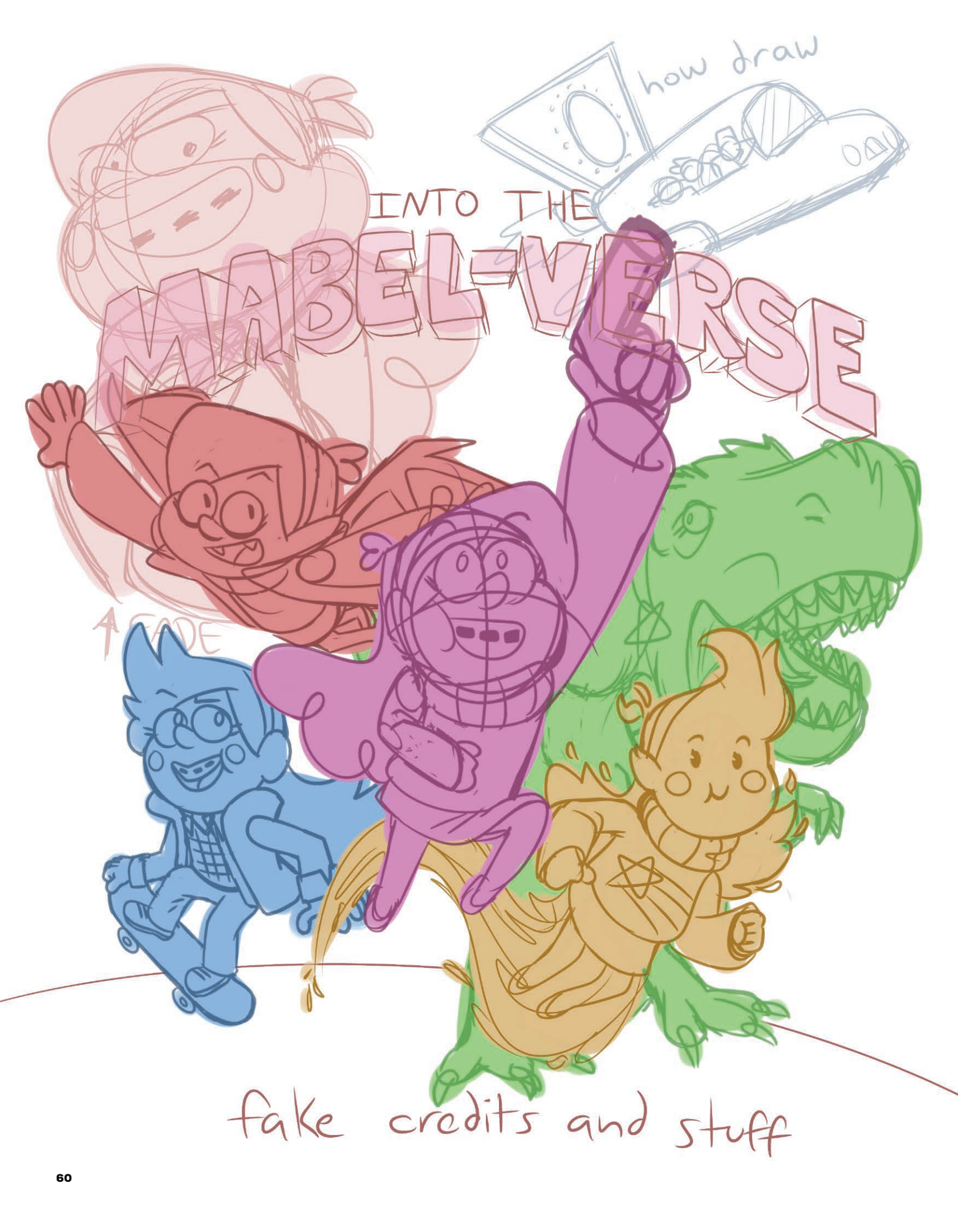
WABEL-VERSE



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fake credits and stuff



fake credits and stuff

MABEL
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MABEL-VERSE

PRODUCED BY
FEXILED

PRESENTED BY
EPILOGUE ZINE

JUNE 18

The Adventures of Anti-Mabel

By: Nellisie

Once, there was a girl so evil that she could single handedly take down a nation. Her tyrannical reign was often described with such adjectives as “terrible,” “joyless,” and “[swear words.]”

(She had outlawed cussing after her ascent to power, thus unlocking *true* power; which, as we all know, is attained via swearing rights. Consequently, this allowed for those swear words to become a sign of rebellion, resulting in some very funny and very not PG-Y7 protest signs to be made.)

This girl was known by many names. *Her Eternal Displeasure*, *The World’s Most Miniature War Criminal*, and *The Kitten Bane*, known throughout the United States and other United Nations associates for her deep hatred of all things cute, adorable, and/or nonthreatening. And, you know, there are a lot of young girls who would kill to have that level of status, rather than be consigned to sock puppetry and boy craze. Who’s to say that a girl *has* to wear brightly colored sweaters with fauna emblazoned upon them? Tweenage girls can do anything they like, and that includes conquering all that is known in their anti-verse. When you think of it, Anti-Mabel is sort of a feminist icon. Oh, wait—she was trying to be vague, here. Darn it.

Well, she supposes the proverbial cat is out of the bag. Anti-Mabel is the girl in the stories, and you never would have guessed it if she didn’t take the gracious measure of totally spelling it out for you. *You’re welcome.*

Or, maybe *thank you*? How she misses explaining the obvious to an overblown simpleton. You aren’t any *Anti-Dipper* or anything, but you’ll do. She might as well start narrating through omniscient forces. There isn’t much else to do while floating through spacetime.

She’s already exhausted herself with internal games of tic-tac-toe within her head. And she’s pretty much finished reciting the anti-alphabet backwards from A-Z, and then counting it back again from Z-A. You know, the regular way.

And so, floating through this eternal pathway of nothing and nowhere, Anti-Mabel finds herself *reminiscing*, of all things, thinking back to her rulership over her own universe. Oh, how sweet victory tasted. Or, well, it always tasted really good at first.

You know, you reach your first victory—breaking your loyal pet pig/henchman out of prison for armed robbery—and that is just *wonderful* in the beginning, but then you start thinking bigger. Suddenly, you’re totally consumed by your second victory—stealing illegal weaponry and plutonium from Area 51 during the civilian storm of the base—and then you absolutely blind yourself with your third victory—overthrowing the government and electing yourself Queen/President, thus allowing your loyal pig to take a position as Duke/Vice President. And, you know, you get so consumed by these victories that you never even notice that your tie-dye clad grunkles are opening a portal to Dimension MAB-3L in order to end your tyranny! It’s a very relatable tale. Anti-Mabel is surprised it hasn’t already been transcribed into an Anti-Aesop-style fable.

Anti-Mabel sighs, her hand pressing into her cheek. Those were the days, she thinks. She may have nearly torn apart the seams of society as they knew it, but at least she was having *fun*. And it was a nice family bonding exercise, you know?

Anti-Mabel would make a plot to harness the power of Anti-Bill Cipher (who wasn’t doing anything with it, anyway, so what was the harm?) and Anti-Wendy would take the opportunity to be a horrible narc. She would hire accomplices in Anti-Grenda and Anti-Candy, and they would find themselves seduced by Anti-Dipper’s promise to take them both to the middle school ice cream social. She would wire herself into every bank in America, and Soos would burrow his capitalistic claws into the plot in order to prevent any loss of money from his own bank account.

It was like a game of cat and mouse. Anti-Mabel would commit several minor felonies (and sometimes major atrocities) and then the onus would be upon her family to respond. And it was fun! It was sort of like an episodic PG-13 cartoon, with some superficial slapstick and harsh language and a few two-part specials that made a few parents very hesitant to let their children view. After all, who could imagine that, among the wacky bunch of characters, it would be *Mabel* who sought to carve a frown onto the moon? Sure, she had always been prickly and weirdly venomous towards puppies, but was she always so *evil*?

The answer is yes! And it was deeply liberating to be so, and were it not for the sudden and unexpected turnaround by her family, she likely would have followed her evil instincts to their natural conclusion. *What?* How could she have *always* been evil, you ask?

Well, it’s not like her surroundings provided leeway for much else. Anti-Dipper wasn’t interested in anything aside from bad pick-up lines and youtube videos about the best strategy for obtaining phone numbers, Anti-Soos was only interested in upgrading the scope of his Forbes business, and *anybody* would become evil if they were forced to listen to yet another one of Anti-Stan’s tirades about *the importance of environmental conservation*.

And, Anti-Mabel supposes, the fact that her legal name is *Anti-Mabel*, and her very existence is contradictory to the superficial traits of other Mabels, *possibly* had an influence on her behavior. Oh, yes, this is the *tragic* part of the autobiography.

For, how could Anti-Mabel have ever risen to goodness when her very existence positions her as *opposition* to goodness? How could she have ever challenged evil when all of her surroundings ushered her towards it? Does free will truly exist, when every action we take only nudges us towards a predetermined fate? And truly, is she even *Anti-Mabel* when she has a trait that exists at the core of every Mabel?

Selfishness.

Yes! Selfishness! Anti-Mabel carries that vice in spades, and yet what is considered a charming character flaw in other Mabels is a *crime* for her? How unjust is that? Sure, overthrowing the government and causing definite harm to the surface of the moon might be a *little* more drastic than being a bit too preoccupied with sweater patterning, but in the grand scheme of things both of those actions are *basically* the same!

And yet, Anti-Mabel is doomed to float aimlessly in spacetime, left to reminisce and narrate her life's story to disembodied forces in a desperate plea at alleviating boredom. Some things just aren't *fair*.

Though, maybe this is some form of atonement. Maybe Anti-Mabel is meant to seek the good she was never given an opportunity to rise up to. Maybe this time to herself is meant to teach her a lesson of some kind.

Yes, Anti-Mabel thinks. This endless void of absolutely nothing could most certainly be a plane of contemplative thought. She could float here for years and years and think about what she's done. The lives she's harmed. The person she might have been, were it not for her actions in her first universe. Anti-Mabel could, in theory, learn to love kittens. She could learn to love democracy. She could learn to love fluffy sweaters with alpacas on them. She could float through the endless expanse of stars and supernovas, wormholes and inky darkness and learn to appreciate the family she once had, incompetent as they were. She could let herself stay here and grow fond of Anti-Dipper's insufferable habit of practicing awful lines on her friends/accomplices. She could pretend to be nostalgic about Anti-Ford's soundcloud rap. She could imagine *not* thinking that Anti-Wendy was an awful, unloveable nerd!

...

If she was a *sucker*! Ha!

A blur of blue light zooms through the void, stopping abruptly when it catches site of Anti-Mabel, and suddenly she is taking it all in. A ship of metallic-silver, with the most familiar face behind the driver's wheel.

"It took you long enough," she says, awkwardly climbing into the ship. Anti-Waddles snorts in response. "Aw, don't act like that. I missed you. And hey, the new eyepatch looks great."

Anti-Waddles would almost grin, were it not for the fact that he had never smiled in his life. Not even in satisfaction. Instead, he taps a few buttons with his nubby little pig arms. Next stop: the Anti-Verse.

"They're not even gonna know what hit 'em," says Anti-Mabel, breaking out into a chorus of evil laughter which is soon joined by self-assured pig snorting.

You know, she thinks, it's good to be bad.

Don't Dimension the Future: Work In Progress

By: *redwoodroots*

Wendavengers

The alarm blared through the cabin. Wendy was up, dressed, and out the door in twenty seconds flat. Kevin and Gus straggled after her. Her father was standing in the backyard surrounded by piles of survival gear.

She groaned. "Are we seriously having apocalypse training? Still?!"

"WHINERS CARRY WATER!" Dan bellowed. "AND YES! NEXT TIME NONE OF US ARE GETTING STATUFIED! WHERE'S MARCUS?"

Wendy frowned. It wasn't like Marcus to sleep in. He'd been acting kinda weird lately.

"He's in the woods," Gus said, reaching for his pack. "Said he was gonna do a 'real man's' training."

"I'LL SHOW HIM HOW A *REAL* MAN TRAINS! WENDY!"

"I know, I'm going." She strode away, happy to escape. She was the one who got them *un*-statufied in the first place. She didn't need training for that!

(She wasn't going to mention the tapestries.)

"Marcus!" she called. "Come on out already! I will change the wifi password and sell your Beethoven CDs online!"

Suddenly she heard a shout and sprinted towards it, whipping out her ax.

The forest opened to a clearing where the mailbox had been before somebody blew it up. But now the place was far from empty. Dozens and dozens of rainbow-colored rifts glittered in the air.

In the center of the clearing was Marcus' hat.

She moved forward slowly, but no glowy triangles showed up. She picked up the hat and looked around.

"Dang it, Marcus, when I find you you're doing my homework for a *month*."

She shoved his beanie into her pocket, picked a rift, and jumped.

She shot through a mind-warping tunnel of light before it dumped her with a zap. She rolled to her feet.

She was in Town Square, next to the statue of Nathaniel Northwest. It looked almost the same as her own dimension, right down to the Lucky Neko stickers on Skull Fracture's windows.

Only everyone had giant eyeballs for a head.

She shrieked, leaped back, and collided with someone.

"Rude! Watch where you're..."

The voice trailed off and Wendy stared. The eyeball-person was had long red hair, a green plaid shirt, and an ax stuck in the belt loop of her jeans.

Eyeball Wendy blinked. "Are you...me? From another dimension? You have a lot of orifices."

"Thanks, I get that a lot. Have you seen Marcus around?"

"Just mine." She pointed through the window of the bar. Eyeball Manly Dan had brought Eyeball Marcus inside. Marcus was trying to beat Bicepticus while Dan bellowed in his ear.

Wendy grimaced. "Yeah, no, my Marcus has more...face. Thanks anyway, I gotta go. For all I know Marcus found a dimension of fire people and is gonna get barbequed."

"Can I help you look? I've got great peripheral vision, anything beats picking up after Dad."

There was a crashing sound as Eyeball Dan started punching Bicepticus.

Wendy snorted. "I can relate. Oh, quick question, do you guys happen to have bats in your dimension? Like, eyeballs with batwings?"

"Yeah, why?"

"No reason."

They zapped back to the clearing. Wendy grabbed a rock to mark Eyeball Wendy's dimension, then they stepped into another rift.

The second dimension was full of cyborgs maintained by McGucket Manufacturing. Wendybot 61800 was an actual tank with laser

bazookas and a built-in coffee maker. She refused to let them drive her, but still offered to help look.

The third dimension actually did have fire people in it, but Marcus wasn't there. Flame Wendy tagged along to join the search.

The fourth dimension was stuck in the 80s, and the fifth one was full of runaways. At least Wendy McFly came with a hover board. Runaway Wendy just came with serious baditude.

"So why'd you run away?" Eyeball Wendy asked, as they zapped back to the clearing.

Runaway smirked. "Everyone does! Besides, I got sick of trying to make my dad happy. Lumberjill medals, building cabins – I'd go, 'Is this good?' 'NO! I'll show you how a REAL man does it!'"

"That is so gender-biased."

"Right?!"

"Imagine if he said it all the time," McFly said. "I'd start feeling like I wasn't good enough, even when he wasn't saying it. I don't think I could take that kind of rejection."

Wendy flushed. "Can we just get moving already?"

The six of them jumped through the next rift and found themselves in front of a massive building topped with satellites. The sign out front said "Institute of Oddology." A Wendy stepped out wearing a plaid lab coat, saw them, and shrieked.

"OH MY FLANNEL YOU'RE ALL ME! Call me WendiQ! I gotta run experiments on everyone immediately!"

"We're looking for Marcus, and no."

"Just a few! No organ probing, I promise!"

"That should not even be an issue!"

They finally agreed to give WendiQ samples of their hair (or fireproof clothing in Flame Wendy's case) and she'd build an Interdimensional Viewing Apparatus to locate Marcus.

WendiQ held out petri dishes to collect the samples, then led them to her lab. Wendybot stayed outside by a window. WendiQ shoved the samples into a series of spectrometers along one wall and then started throwing the IVA together, talking nonstop.

"– been meaning to build an IVA anyway since Ford's been researching dimensions and I'm pretty sure our Mabel's got sucked into one how exactly is hair growing from your eyeball?!"

Eyeball blushed. "Quit staring!"

"You should talk," Runaway snorted.

"Okay!" WendiQ stepped away from a what looked like a mutant computer, with three modems, two satellites and an ax blade all to a monitor. "The apparatus can't track him, but it *will* home in on him to see where he is."

She pressed a button and the screen flicked automatically through dimension after dimension in amazing 8k definition.

"Wish I had cable reception that good," Wendybot sighed.

Finally the screen paused on the Northwest Manor, guarded by its usual army of butlers, then zoomed through the walls until it stopped in a massive bathroom. There were marble sinks and a platinum toilet shaped like an actual throne. Marcus was kneeling next to it, a solid gold ball-n-chain attached to his ankle, dressed in a butler's suit. He was scrubbing it the toilet with a toothbrush.

"Uh, is this good?"

"NO!"

Another Wendy stepped into the screen and thwacked him with a ruby-covered purse. She wore a matching robe, high-heeled slippers and a nasty scowl.

"Scrub it like a REAL butler, or I'll burn your tacky plaid shirt and make you watch!"

"HEY!" Wendy shouted.

Suddenly the room exploded. Wendybot barged in to cover them. When they looked up, the entire wall of mass spectrometers had blown up.

"I didn't do it!" Flame Wendy said.

"MY BABIES!" WendiQ shrieked, leaping forward. She grabbed a half-melted lump of computer, read the screen, and gasped. "Unless we're in some kind of weird pocket dimension designed *specifically* for variations on ourselves, we'll all blow up the second we touch each other! Well you're not blowing my dimension, all my stuff is here! Out out OUT!"

She slammed a bright red button. The ceiling opened up. Glowing squares appeared under the Wendies and catapulted them out of the institute and back through the rift. They shot through the tunnel and landed in a messy heap.

"What the flannel!?" Runnaway yelped.

Wendy jumped to her feet. "Forget her, we have to get Marcus!"

Eyeball raised a hand. "Yeah, uh, count me out."

"What?"

"I have this thing about not blowing up."

"Same," Wendybot sighed. "*Never* mix oil and tabasco. But hey, good luck!"

The rest of them agreed, waved goodbye, and jumped straight back through their rifts.

Wendy stared after them, then glanced at all the rifts. It would take ages to check them all herself!

She screamed and punched a tree. "IF I WASN'T GOING TO BLOW UP I'D SOCK EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU IN THE FACE!"

"Wendy?"

"*What?*" she snapped, whirling around. Then she blinked. "Soos? What're you doing here?"

He smiled and held up an empty burlap sack. "I was gonna ask my pack brothers if they had any spare bones for a new exhibit. What about you?"

She scowled. "I was *trying* to find Marcus. He got caught by an Evil Me and all the other Me's were going to help, but Brain Me said we'd all explode if we touched each other, and every last one of them ditched me!"

"Exploding would kind of ruin your day."

"Yeah but it's *Marcus*! Corduroys are supposed to look out for each other! Instead got trapped scrubbing diamond-studded toilets because he ran off to do lone-wolf 'real man' training!"

Soos frowned. "'Real man' training? Doesn't your dad say that to Marcus all the time?"

She flushed. "Well – I mean, sometimes, but not about Weirdmagedon! Even Dad got turned into a statue, it's not like he expected Marcus to do any better!"

"Does Marcus know that?"

"Huh?"

He shrugged. "I dunno, dawg, your dad can be pretty intense. Marcus might feel like he has to prove it's not his fault, or that he could do better, even if Dan didn't say anything."

I'd start feeling like I wasn't good enough, even when he wasn't saying it.

Wendy felt like she'd just been punched in the gut. She groaned, leaned on a tree, and slid down until her face was pressed to her knees.

"I can't believe I never noticed. My dad – it's just what he says, you know? That's just his way of caring. I never took it seriously, but I guess for Marcus..."

Soos sat next to her and patted her shoulder. "Hey, Wendy, it's okay. Sounds like you guys just need to talk about it, get this stuff out in the open."

"What do I even say?! That it wasn't Marcus' fault he got statufied, that it wasn't his responsibility, that he's plenty man enough the way he is!? I just said we're not good at mushy stuff!"

He smiled. "Actually, I think all that stuff was perfect. And even if it isn't, Marcus hears 'real man' all the time. I mean, it might help just to hear something different. Especially from someone who really cares about him."

She scrubbed her face and looked at him. "Wow, Soos, your wisdom really is a blessing."

"Just doin' my job, hambone!"

"Alright." She stood up, straightened her shoulders, and looked around. She stood up, straightened her shoulders, and looked around. The rifts glittered all around them, and new ones slivered open even as they watched. "...This could take a while."

Soos rubbed his chin. "I think I know who can help with that."

The Northwest Manor was clean, well-groomed, and outwardly peaceful.

Wendy smashed right through the front door.

The parlor was full of guests, butlers, and tables full of fancy finger food. WenDiva whirled around and her face turned as red as her

ruby purse.

“Ugh, an affront against fashion!”

Wendy hefted her ax. “Hand over my brother and I won’t rip holes in anyone’s jeans.”

She sneered. “I don’t think so. I’m starting a new trend in extradimensional butlers! Who’s going to stop me?”

“SOOS IS!”

She leaped aside. Soos and his pack brothers shot through the broken doors, all of them howling war cries. The party guests shrieked and threw the butlers at the wolves, then ran around causing general panic while WenDiva shouted orders and smacked things with her purse.

Wendy darted through the chaos and up the grand staircase. She remembered the layout from the Northwest’s shindig. She found the bathroom, kicked it open, and found Marcus still scrubbing at the toilet. He flinched and looked up, startled.

“W-Wendy?”

“Duh!” She sliced through the gold chain with her ax and hauled him to his feet. “Marcus who the HECK told you to jump through rifts like that?!”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry! It’s just – I know I messed up with Weirdmagedon –”

“How exactly did you mess up? Almost everybody got turned into statues! Heck, he turned me into a tapestry!”

“He – what?”

She jabbed him in the chest. “Marcus, you’re the best beanie-wearing Beethoven-loving lumberjack brother anyone could ask for. You don’t need ‘real man’ training to be enough, you already are. You know why?” She took out his hat and mashed it onto his head. “*‘Cuz you’re a flippin’ Corduroy!’*”

He let out a weird half-laugh, half-sputter, yanking the beanie down to hide his eyes. “Geez, Wendy...”

She grinned and punched him in the arm. “The one and only. Also if you tell Dad about the tapestry I will absolutely cream you.”

An animal scream ripped the air. Wendy and Marcus jerked and sprinted to the parlor. The guests were gone. Soos and his pack had been pinned down with nets and surrounded by butlers, each armed with rocket launchers. Subtle clicks made Wendy and Marcus look up: ten more butlers had appeared on the balconies above them, more launchers aimed at their heads.

WenDiva stood in the middle of the room and laughed. “Well, well, I’ve been looking for a handmaid! Sorry, sweetheart, it’ll take more to stop me than a bunch of mangy wolves and a... Gopher? Man-baby?”

BOOM!

The entire front wall of the Northwest Manor exploded. WenDiva jumped back with a shriek as Wendybot 61800 shot through the dust, firing her laser bazookas left and right, sending the butlers diving for cover. The other Wendies leaped out from behind her and started punching butlers in the face, grabbing their rocket launchers, and generally setting things on fire.

“WHO’S READY FOR RAMPANT DESTRUCTION!”

“There’s more of you!?” WenDiva sputtered.

“YOU BET THERE ARE!” WendiQ shouted, spreading her arms. Her whole body was shiny like she’d been dipped in silver. “And we’re wearing the latest trend - indestructible SaranWendy Armor based on Flame Wendy’s inflammable clothing!”

“You guys!” Wendy exclaimed.

“WENDY!” all the other Wendies called.

She grabbed her brother, jumped for the chandelier and swung across the other room to meet them. Marcus immediately spun around, throat-punched a butler sneaking up behind Eyeball and ripped the machete out of his hands. He sliced through Soos’ net and the pack sprang to their feet, growling.

“That’s my bro!” Wendy said, punching him. He grinned sheepishly.

WenDiva snarled and clicked a beeper on her million-dollar keychain. Instantly every painting on the wall swung open and a brand new army of butlers poured out, every last one of them armed to the teeth with tasers, net-throwers, and diamond-studded sabers.

“You’re outnumbered fifty to one!” WenDiva said coldly. “What do you have to say to that?”

Wendy grinned and hefted her ax. “WENDAVENGERS ASSEMBLE!”

They won. It wasn’t even close.

THE
WENDY

VS

anti-social

WENDY



Don't Dimension the Future

By: *redwoodroots*

Wendy eyed the wood pile behind the cabin. It was Saturday morning, and she was about to perform her favorite chore: bossing her brothers. They had a lumberjack competition coming up and it was her job to supervise their practice.

“Wendyyyy!”

She looked up. Her friends shlepped around the cabin, Nate and Lee in the lead as usual, Robbie and Tambry doing that couple hug-walk. Thompson brought up the rear.

She grinned. “Hey, guys! What’s up?”

Robbie eyed the logs. “You still getting apocalypse training? Been there, done that.”

“Nah, this is for my little bros’ lumberjack competition. Gimme a sec.” She grabbed a couple of logs and dumped them on the ground. “GUS! KEVIN! GET YOUR BUTTS OUT HERE OR I’M EATING YOUR JERKY STASH, I KNOW WHERE YOU HID IT!”

Nate snickered. “I swear we could summon you guys with a stick a jerky.”

“Either that or plaid flannel,” she agreed. “Also, why are you guys alive before noon on the weekend?”

“Blame him,” Nate said, elbowing Lee.

“Not my fault! My mom wanted me to get up and find a...job. Like an actual job! With words like ‘resume building’ and ‘promotion’ attached!” He shuddered.

Wendy rolled her eyes. “Please. Like we need to —”

“I got hired by Chelsea’s Hair and Nails last night,” said Tambry.

“Wait, what?”

“Bet none of you got job offers from four different bands,” Robbie bragged. “People recognize talent when they see it.”

Nate rolled his eyes. “Wendy, please take this guy down, I will give you free classes at the yoga studio.”

“Oi!”

“Relax, Lee, I already made you a member.”

“That’s why we bros.”

Wendy’s gut squirmed. Since when were all of her friends getting actual, career-sounding jobs? What were they going to do next, talk colleges? She’d gotten some scout letters already, but she’d stuffed them under her bed. Weren’t they just going to goof off all school year like they normally did?

Suddenly Gus and Kevin burst out of the cabin and she sighed with relief. “Finally! You guys ready to bring the pain?!”

Gus stopped short. “Uh, actually, Marcus is gonna watch us today?”

“Say what now?”

“Dad wanted you to go into the forest? For hardwood? To make a keyboard?”

“He’s trying to learn computer stuff but he keeps breaking the ones from the store,” Kevin added.

Wendy stared at them. “Our dad? Is learning tech from this century?”

“Call the Shack, we got a new spooky attraction,” Nate joked.

“Yeah...yeah. No, I got it. Be right back.” She turned robotically and started walking away. She glanced back to see Marcus come out of the cabin and her friends sitting down to wait, then they were lost between the trees.

Wendy was feeling pretty lost herself. What the heck was up with her friends? Everything was supposed to go back to normal after Weirdmagedon. Did they all get dunked bubbles of madness or something? Why were they suddenly worried about the future?!

A beam of sunlight hit her smack in the face. She’d reached the clearing where the mailbox was — only it wasn’t there anymore. Just a bunch of scorch marks and a weird shimmer in the middle of the air.

Geez, did everything have to change!? She turned to stomp away.

Something yanked her and she fell chin-first on the ground, hard. Something was dragging her backwards. She flipped over with a shout. The weird shimmer in the air was widening into a huge multicolored rift, and it was slowly sucking her in!

She scrabbled at the dirt, then grabbed her ax and slammed it into the ground, but her fingers slipped and she went tumbling into the void.

The next thing she knew she was lying on a smooth, glassy surface, feeling like she'd just been steamrolled by a herd of Woodstick tourists. She groaned and forced her eyes open.

She gasped.

The place was full of Wendies! Dinosaur Wendies, Blob Wendies, Historically-Themed Wendies, even a Wendy who was literally made of fire. There was a huge redwood tree a little ways away, and massive glass towers slanted up from the horizon. The sky overhead was scattered with multicolored stars, so close Wendy could even see a couple of planets. One of the planets was her own head!

"Oh, great, not another one."

Scowling down at her was a Wendy with a black-and-gray plaid flannel hoodie and black jeans, surlier than Robbie and somehow even pastier than Dipper.

"Uh, hi?" Wendy said.

"Don't we have enough Wendies here already? Go back to whatever log cabin you crawled out of."

"Anti-Social Wendy, quit bothering the newcomers!"

Wendy stood up as a third Wendy came running over. She had wolf ears, cat eyes, and seriously cool fangs.

"Hi! Wendy, right? That's Anti-Social Wendy, who's clearly late for her appointment skulking around in a corner."

"There's no corner left for skulking," ASW shot back heatedly. "This place used to be empty. It used to be quiet. Now it's so full you can't turn around without getting a mouthful of gross red hair."

"Ignore her," the new Wendy said, rolling her eyes. "She does that to all the newbies. Anyway, welcome to W3N-D! Lemme give you the tour. That's Redwood Wendy." She pointed to the redwood, where a lot of other Wendies were hanging out in the branches.

"Is that plaid-patterened bark?"

"Yeah, but don't bother making a shirt out of it, it itches like crazy. That's Goth Wendy, WednesWendy, Wendybot 61800, who is part tank and will not let us drive her, WendiQ, Eyeball Wendy..."

Wendy looked around, a smile growing on her face. ASW had slouched off to bother WendiQ, but every Wendy she saw was either doing nothing, climbing Redwood Wendy, or eating jerky. And nobody mentioned resumes or college applications. This was her kind of place!

"...and I'm Were-Wendy," her guide finished. "Not to be confused with Where's Wendy—"

"Over here!" shouted a Wendy in a striped sweater.

"WE KNOW!" shouted every other Wendy.

Wendy laughed. "Hey, do we have an evil twin?"

"Yeah, WenDiva. Over there."

Were-Wendy pointed to a cubicle of transparent glass. Inside was a Wendy wore a silk dress, six-inch heels, and enough jewelry to buy a continent. Nothing else was in the cube except a flannel blanket and a speaker that played carnival jingles nonstop.

"Every last one of you is a fashion nightmare!" WenDiva shouted, banging on the glass. "I could make better outfits out of candy wrappers and trash bags! WILL SOMEONE TURN OFF TURN OFF THAT MUSIC?!"

Wendy raised an eyebrow. "You sure that's our evil twin?"

"Oh, totally. She said plaid was a trend and flannel was a fashion faux-paux."

"Clown music is too good for her."

"Agreed? Oh — would you excuse me a sec? Ax Wendy is trying to chop down Redwood Wendy. Again. AX WENDY! THAT TREE IS OFF LIMITS! DON'T MAKE ME GET PROFESSIONAL LUMBERJILL WENDY!"

She vanished into the crowd and Wendy wandered around until she found WendiQ, who was sitting in the middle of a mess of computer parts and talking animatedly to Lumberjill Wendy.

"What're you guys doing?" Wendy asked.

Lumberjill Wendy grinned and hefted a large wooden beam. "We're gonna build the ultimate Wendy treehouse, complete with bean bags and monster plushies!"

"That rocks," Wendy agreed. Then ducked to avoid the beam when Lumberjill hustled away. "Man, I had no idea this place even existed. I would've come here ages ago!"

"Right?" WendiQ held up a circuitboard. "This place has everything — zero pressure, great company, and we can do whatever we want! It's like this place was designed by some interdimensional being specifically for us!"

"Wait, what?"

“It’s true, I did some research on it! There’s a bunch of other dimensions that automatically attract variations on a single individual! Although I think ours malfunctioned, because our rifts are all still right where they – uh, does your dimension have a whack-a-mole problem?”

Wendy looked up.

“SOOS!”

Soos grinned and waved from the rift as she hurried over. “Hey, dawg! I saw your ax on the ground out here and got worried. Also, did I hit my head or something? I’m seeing like...a million of you.”

“Six hundred eighteen!” called Calculator Wendy.

Wendy grinned. “You’re not gonna believe it, Soos, this place is like a Wendtopia! Literally everybody here is another Wendy from another dimension. They’re even building a mansion-sized tree house!”

“Wow, that sounds awesome!”

“Right!? It’s basically a Wendtopia! We never have to worry about jobs or colleges again!”

“Wait, never? Does that mean you’re not coming back?”

“Wrong – you’re all going back!”

They whipped around. ASW Was standing on top of WenDiva’s cell, a massive high-tech bazooka resting on her shoulder.

“I’m sorry!” WendiQ cried. “She started talking about bazookas and it just sounded cool!”

“Shut up!” ASW snarled. “All I wanted was one place, one place where there was zero pressure from peers or parents or past-due library books, and you guys ruined it! It’s so crowded I can hear all my other selves think! Well I’M SICK OF IT!”

She fired. It was instant pandemonium. Several Wendies got blasted back through portals, sometimes two or three at a time, while the rest scrambled to get to Redwood Wendy and climb to safety.

Soos grabbed Wendy’s arm but she shouted and body-flipped him on reflex. When he tried to push her into the rift she ducked, and then ASW aimed the bazooka at them and they both leaped away, the laser coming close enough to singe Wendy’s hair. They grabbed hands and sprinted for the tree, diving behind its trunk for cover. The laser blasted scorch marks in the glass floor on either side.

Soos squeaked. “Dood, I left the portal! Are we trapped here now?!”

“No, no, all our portals are still open, but she shouldn’t be kicking us out! This dimension was literally made for us! I mean a psychotic triangle made it but still!”

“Wait, Bill made –”

“GONNA FIND YOU, WENDIES!” ASW shouted. It sounded like she was off the cubicle and prowling around the tree trunk. They scooted around to stay out of sight.

He lowered his voice. “Look, Wendy, I don’t think this dimension is a good place to be. I mean, you’re not even acting like yourself. Normally you’d go all kick-but Corduroy on Anti-Wendy.”

“She’s not Anti-Wendy, she’s Anti-Social Wendy. There’s a difference.”

“You sure? Because you’re hiding instead of going home to your family. Seems like the real Anti-Social Wendy is you, dawg.”

“It’s not about my family, it’s about my future –” She stopped short and winced. Since when did she sound like an old-timey soap opera?

“Your future?” Soos repeated. “But, you’re barely in sophomore year! What do you have to be worried about?”

“Like you even know. You’ve known what you wanted to do your whole life. Now you’ve got your own business and a stable relationship and probably at least one reader for your Stanfics who isn’t Dipper or Mabel.”

Soos laughed. “Oh, yeah – Stan gave me a like on my werepenguin chapter! I took a screenshot and framed it on my wall.”

Wendy groaned and sat down hard, pressing her face into her knees.

“Aw, Wendy.” There was a heavy thump, then Soos’ hand patted her shoulder. “Don’t worry, dude. You’re smart, confident, and totally rescued me that one time I got stuck up in a tree and couldn’t come down.”

“You were literally only two feet up. Besides, that doesn’t count, I’ve been doing that since I was six! I can’t keep doing the same thing over and over and expecting it to still be cool! But – I don’t know what else I’m supposed to do, or even what I’m supposed to want. I’m not ready for the future yet. And I definitely don’t want to end up like Anti-Wendy.”

They heard more zapping and Anti-Wendy’s maniacal laughter.

“Look, Wendy, no one’s ever magically ready. It just looks like adults know what they’re doing. I’ve been working at the Shack for years and I’m still trying to figure stuff out, like how to actually do taxes or ordering action figures online.”

Wendy's lips twitched. "Sounds like my dad. He's trying to use computers without crushing them."

"Exactly! Although he may want to get something like, practically indestructible."

Wendy snickered. "Bet I could ask WendIQ to make something. Thanks, Soos."

"There you are."

ASW stood in front of them, ax-bazooka aimed and ready.

Wendy stood up slowly. "Easy, Anti-Wendy. I was just leaving."

"I'll bet you were," ASW growls, eyes narrowed. "Take the gopher and get."

"There's no jerky in here," she continued. "Like at all. And anyplace with no wifi is not my style. But the real reason I'm leaving?" She grinned fiercely. "I'm gonna apocalypse the crud outta the future!"

She lunged, ax out, and banged the bazooka away right as Anti-Wendy fired. The shot hit Redwood Wendy and left a massive crater in the bark.

"FOR REDWOOD WENDY!" all the other Wendies yelled, and poured down the burnt bark like a plaid-colored tidal wave.

Anti-Wendy never stood a chance.

An hour later Wendy was walking back through the forest, whistling, her ax resting on her shoulder and a virtually indestructible keyboard tucked under her arm.

Anti-Wendy had been confined to WenDiva's cell, which worked out because she could now skulk in peace all she wanted. Half of the Wendies had decided to stay, but after realizing there was in fact no jerky at all, they'd decided to return to their own dimensions. That, and W3N-D had no showers. Lumberjill Wendy was getting seriously ripe.

She stepped into her back yard. Marcus was still supervising Gus and Kevin; she could hear her father inside the cabin, yelling at the computer screen; and her friends were sitting in a circle nearby. Lee was burning a stick of jerky. He spotted her and jumped to his feet.

"It worked! The Wendy has been summoned!"

"Dude, where've you been?" Nate asked. "Robbie's gone from annoying to I-need-an-alibi-for-murder levels of insufferable."

Robbie shrugged. "Hey man, I got six college scout letters and you didn't. Accept it. Embrace it."

Lee sputtered. "We haven't even started senior year!"

"It's a winner's circle thing."

"You were in ONE PROPHECY!"

Nate groaned. "Wendy I will give you all the jerky in my pocket right now to take this loser down. How many college acceptance letters did you get?"

A slow grin spread over her face. "Eighteen. And I'm applying to every last one."

WENDY IS THE BEST



Mondaybel Presents: Morning Breakfast

By: Justin Joyce

It was Monday, again.

At 11:54AM, the Mystery Shack's smoke alarm went off. This was on account of the pieces of bread that had been left in the frying pan on a low simmer at 11:00AM. The smoke alarm that erupted into a violent shriek was in the living room and ran on a single C-battery. The model was exactly the same as the one in the kitchen that did not react to the smoke. Mabel discovered that the smoke alarms ran on C-batteries when she removed the battery from the kitchen's alarm the previous Monday, when it had begun screaming during a similar incident involving pancakes and edible glitter. Thinking this was pretty neat, she had held onto the battery and kept it under her pillow.

Mabel's Monday began at midnight and a half. She had woken up from her sudden Sunday evening nap. She had a collection of things on her list of plans to get done and had decided that if she was awake, they would get done now! However, she decided that she needed to wake up. It was after 1:00AM when she finally pushed her way out of bed and wandered down to the kitchen. One glass of orange juice to wake her up, a homemade brownie from Friday to chase the taste of sleep and orange juice away, and a bagel for sustenance. She returned to her room, hopeful that she would enjoy this snack and then get to work. With a nearby laptop, she put on a couple of cute cat videos while she ate.

When Mabel next checked the time on the laptop, it was 2:45AM. She shut her eyes, telling herself that she would get to work on something momentarily. As soon as her current cat video was done, she would get up and do something.

She woke up at 6:23AM. The laptop had continued to autoplay videos until the battery had died. The computer was shut and placed on the bedside table. With the free space on the bed, Mabel settled into a more comfortable position. She hugged her pillow close and fell instantly asleep.

This was the beginning of the usual start-and-stop morning routine.

Her eyes fluttered open again at 7:34AM. She was fully spread out on the bed, taking up every inch of it. She'd thrown the covers off at some point in her tossing and turning. Waddles was nibbling at her toes. It was a learned behavior he had picked up. He would gently attack her feet when she seemed incapable of rising to feed him his breakfast. Begrudgingly, she rose out of bed and made her way to the kitchen. She grabbed the pig feed and set it into the food bowl. Then lifted the water bowl, refilled it, and set it back down. Waddles dug into his breakfast. Mabel yawned and made her way back to the attic-turned-bedroom.

She stopped into the bathroom along the way to look in the mirror. Her hair was a mess in every chaotic direction. She lifted the neck of her t-shirt, suddenly acknowledging that she had not actually changed it since Friday. It was the same shirt she'd worn when she ended up on MAB-3L. She wondered what the rest of the Mabels were up to. Another yawn. She made her way quickly to the room and leaped into bed. She coiled the blanket around herself and settled back to sleep.

The clock read 8:02AM when she next awoke. She blinked until the red glow of the alarm clock didn't bother her so much. She spread herself out beneath the covers to unfurl it, finding Waddles asleep under the blankets, curled beside her feet. Jostling Waddles as little as possible, she flipped herself over. She tucked her arms under the pillow to feel the cool underside and wrapped her fist around the battery. A deep breath in, she shut her eyes.

8:54AM. She told herself that she should really get up now. Really start her day. She had a collection of severely important things she needed to get done this summer day. She sat up and glanced around her room. Piles of scattered clothes, both hers and Dipper's, but mostly hers. Empty pudding cups, leftover cupcake wrappers, plates, pizza boxes, and cans of Pitt Cola filled the spaces between the clothes. She was only now taking in the mess, which had accumulated over weeks. I need to clean this up, she thought, I'll do that today. The sun was invading through the attic window, adding an unpleasantly hot, sticky haze to the room. She tugged at her shirt in bursts to cool the sweat. The melancholy setting in after another wasted morning, she decided that her day would start at 10:00AM.

She quickly set her alarm to go off at 10:00AM. And 10:05AM. And 10:10AM. and 10:15AM. and 10:30AM. Then returned to sleep.

When the first alarm rang, she instinctively hit the off button. Her slumber was unperturbed.

The second alarm was also immediately shut off.

The third alarm stirred the young Mabel. But, it did not make her rise. She clicked it off, opened her eyes, and then shifted in the blankets. Sleep returned.

The fourth alarm got her up. She clicked the alarm off and supported her head up with her elbow. She blinked, each blink keeping her eyes shut a little longer. A sigh.

I need to make breakfast, Mabel lamented. She pushed herself up and off her bed and made her way down to the kitchen. She already knew what lay in wait, and yet she searched in vain anyway. Cereal, first, because that was a simple meal she could put together for breakfast. But they'd run out of cereal yesterday and shopping wouldn't be until Thursday. Something to put in the toaster simply was not an option, Dipper had eaten the last toaster treat. There was still some pancake mix, but she couldn't muster up the energy to carefully measure what she needed, plus keep track of each cake to properly flip a full stack. Plus, her last pancake experiment had ended with the smoke alarm and she wanted to avoid that again.

Grilled cheese, she decided. It would be a little work, but it would be something to wake her up and it would be a good breakfast. It was the process of mustering energy that she found difficult. She sketched out the process in her mind. Getting the bread, slices of cheese, the pan, the spatula, the butter, and the butter knife. Spreading the butter evenly on the bread was tedious, and she needed to talk herself into doing it. She got started on her meal.

The butter knife grazed the bread, smushing the butter into an even coat. Days like this she wondered if there was something wrong with her. Butter on both sides of the bread, you place two slices of cheese between the non-buttered sides. She was determined to do what she wanted and live her life full of fun, but she'd slept most of her summer away. Place into pan and set pan on oven top. She thought about the other Mabels she'd met and how excited they were, the adventures they were going to go on to get back home. Turn the burner on to low. She was on a ship with them, but she'd slept most of the time or lazed around until they found a portal back to her world. Wait for the bread to toast up on one side. It was Monday when she got back. Wait for the bread to toast up on one side. She couldn't help it. Wait for the bread to toast up on one side. She was just so tired. Use the spatula to flip the bread over. So tired, constantly tired.

Her eyelids began to sag. Mabel blinked to get the sleep away. The clock on the microwave read 11:07AM. She yawned. The grilled cheese would take another few minutes for the cheese to fully melt.

Besides the sizzling of the pan, the house was quiet. Grunkle Stan needed help moving something into his car and volunteered Dipper to handle it. Social interaction was a necessity of a growing Mabel, and she knew that better than anyone. So, these few minutes, she decided would be better spent giving some love to Waddles. She returned to the bedroom and found the pig had not left the bed. She laid beside Waddles and smothered him with affection. Waddles crawled on top of her with licks of her cheeks. She barely noticed when she suddenly fell asleep cuddling her pet.

The grilled cheese started smoking in its low simmer at 11:38AM. The kitchen's smoke alarm would have alerted the house to this fact, but, as established, the battery for that alarm lay beneath the pillow of Mabel Pines. So, the smoke needed to spread through into the living room. This would occur, as previously discussed, at 11:54AM.

The shrieking alarm woke Mabel. However, the sound was dulled by the distance and walls of the Shack to the attic. As a result, Mabel thought that the sound was coming from outside. It would be too much trouble to shut her window, as the room was already hazy with heat, and to trap it would be a death wish. So she laid back down, covered herself in her blanket and decided to sleep instead. The alarm did not cease.

The alarm stopped at 12:10PM. It was 12:12PM when Mabel shot up in bed, remembering the grilled cheese. Disbelievingly checking the time, she tried to wake herself up to formulate what she should do next. Her mind shot from thought to thought, suddenly connecting the sound she'd heard with her neglected grilled cheese. Her hand made its way under the pillow and she wrapped her fist around the C-battery. The alarm had stopped, though, so someone must have stopped it. Dipper or Grunkle Stan or maybe Soos had arrived.

Stupid, stupid Mabel. Wasting the morning and smoking out the house.

She pressed her hands to her temples and fell back into bed. She yearned for a sweater to hide her face, but her dresser was across the room and too far away and it was so hot and she couldn't muster up the courage and she couldn't bear to look at the mess of the room and she hated everything right now and now that she thought about it she could kinda smell the smoke and it felt like her mind was eating her brain and her body felt like it was rebelling against her and it was SO HOT and she was so, so tired.

So she threw the blankets over her body and covered her eyes to push the tears back with her fists.

It was 12:39PM when Dipper entered the room.

"Hey Mabel?" he called. He scanned the room. "You in here?"

"Under here," her muffled voice replied.

She didn't hear him shuffle across the room, but felt the bed jostle when he sat beside her.

"We heard the smoke alarm and found the mess on the oven. We didn't know where you were."

"I'm sorry."

"What happened?"

"I just wanted a grilled cheese for breakfast," her voice broke.

He pulled the blanket off of her.

"Mabel, are you okay?"

She stared at her brother a while and then choked out a sigh. "I don't know."

"Can I help?"

"Thanks Dipper, but," she juggled the words around in her head. Nothing sounded good. "I'm tired."

"Alright. Then, how about, I'll let you nap for another hour. Then, I'll make us those grilled cheeses and we'll go into town. See if Candy or Wendy or Pacifica are doing anything today."

"Really?"

"Of course."

"Thanks, bro-bro." Mabel sat up and quickly wrapped her arms around Dipper.

"It's no worries. We both know how you get, Mondaybel." He pulled her closer in their hug

"If you call me that again, I'll destroy you," she said sleepily.

They slapped each other's backs hard with PAT-PATs in unison.

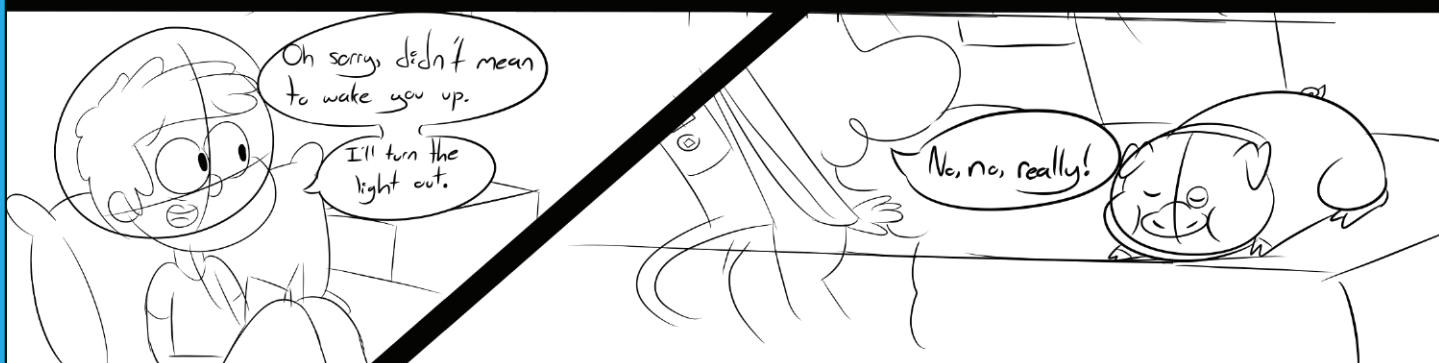
Dipper left the room at approximately 12:48PM. Mabel laid back in bed and pulled the C-battery from beneath her pillow. She took it in for a moment, the green, silver, and black, the coil, the heavy brick-like weight. It belonged in the smoke alarm and she'd have to put it back when she awoke.

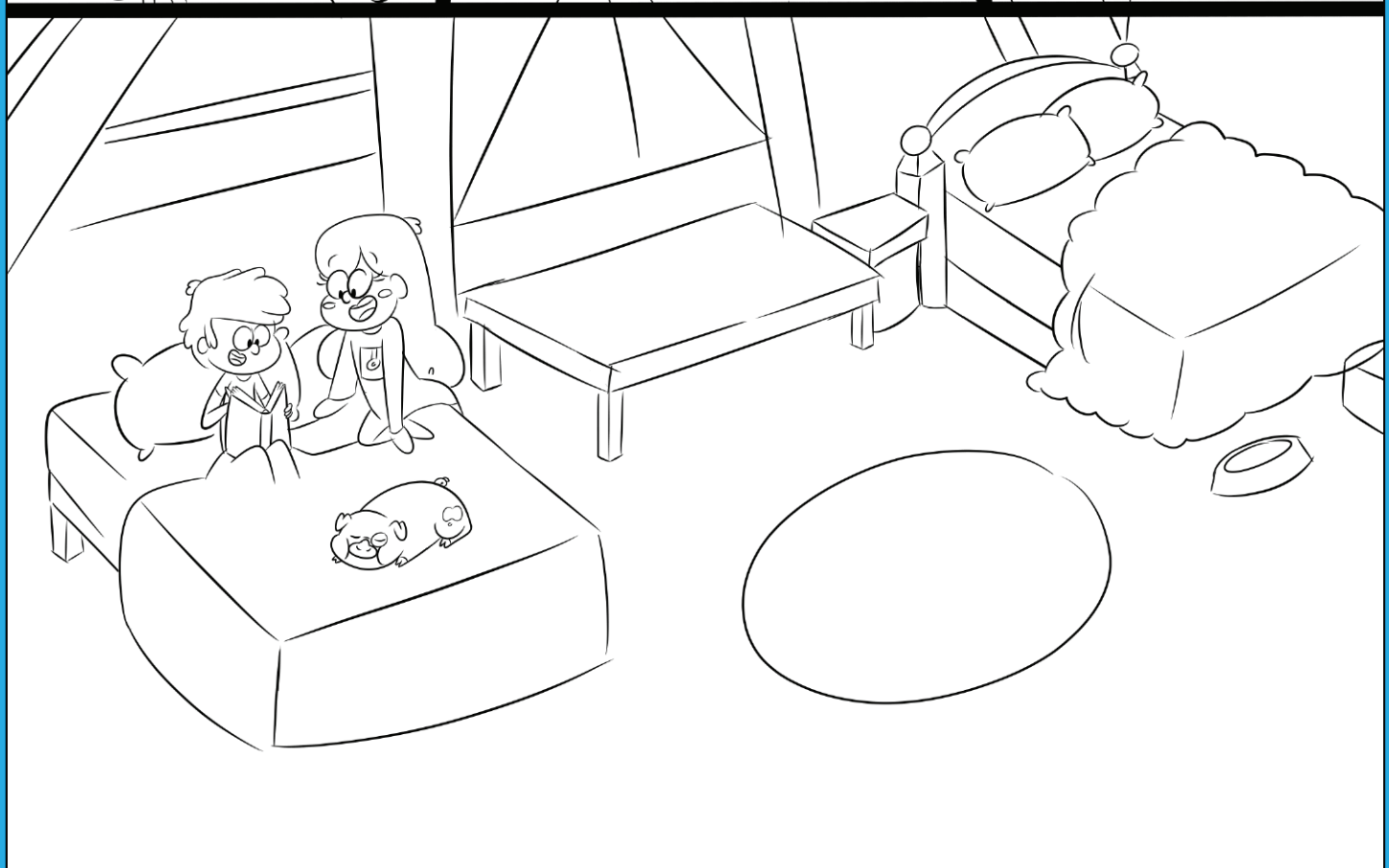
Oh Mabel, you've gotta work on yourself, she thought. The C-battery gripped tightly in her hand, she turned, threw the blanket over herself, and fell asleep at 1:00PM.

୧୩୩ ୧୩୩ ୩୩୩୩୩୩୩୩ ୩୩୩୩୩ ୩୩୩୩୩.

click *click* *click*
click *click* *click*

Rrrrghh,
Dipper-









Those lil' guys we saw
this morning, remember?

Just wish I knew
what to call them.

They're kinda like elves,
kinda like... squirrels?



GASP Oh my gosh.



Squirrelns!!

Squirrelns!!



Don't forget to write about
how you lured them out of the vents!

Right, but it was your
idea to use candy corn.

Yeah, after you said they
really liked loser candy!

Can ta's helpers
or pests?



Likes loser candy



Provider of Guardians

Provider of Guardians





DIMENSION ???



WELL
WELL
WELL...

WHAT'S THIS, FLOATING AROUND IN
INTERDIMENSIONAL SPACE?

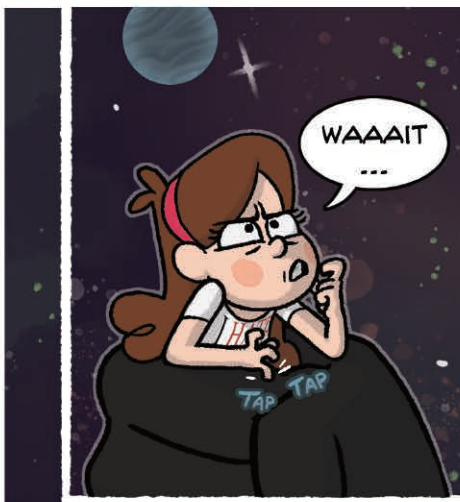


SNATCH

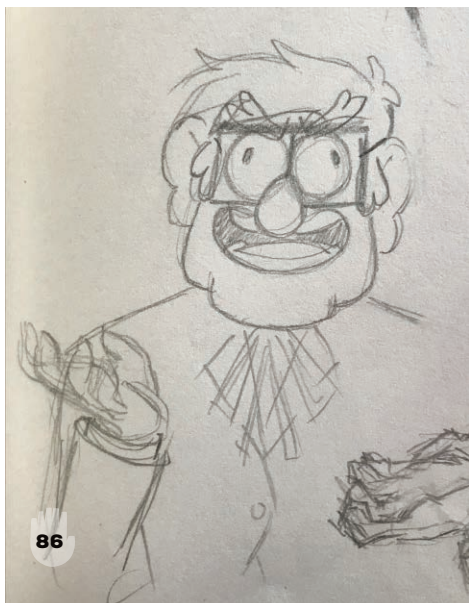
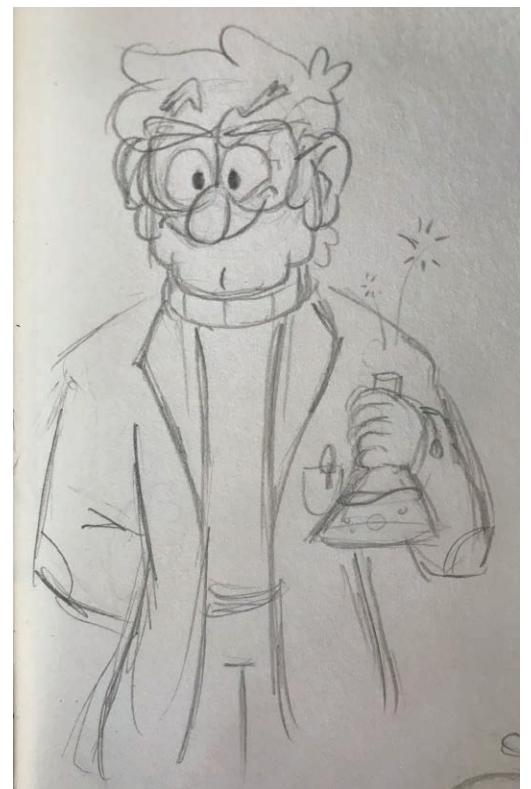
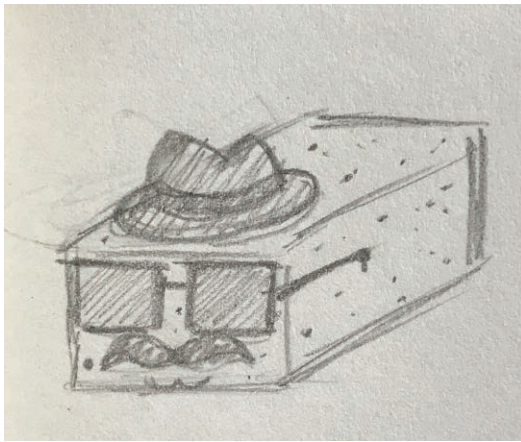
SEEMS TO ME LIKE
SOME BONA-FIDE...

LEVERAGE.

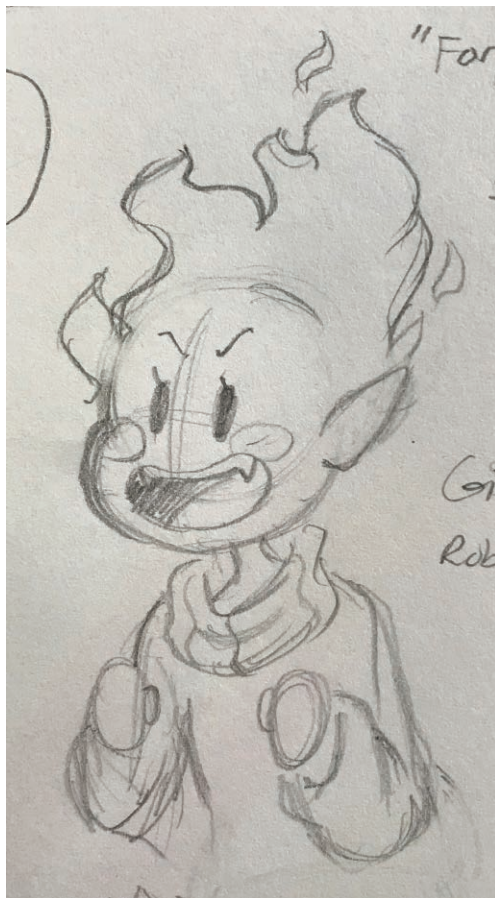
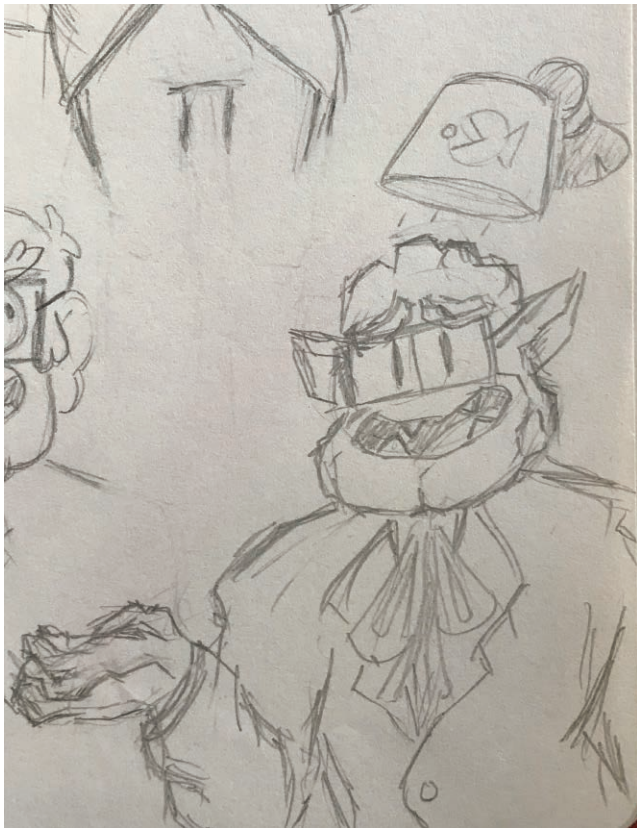


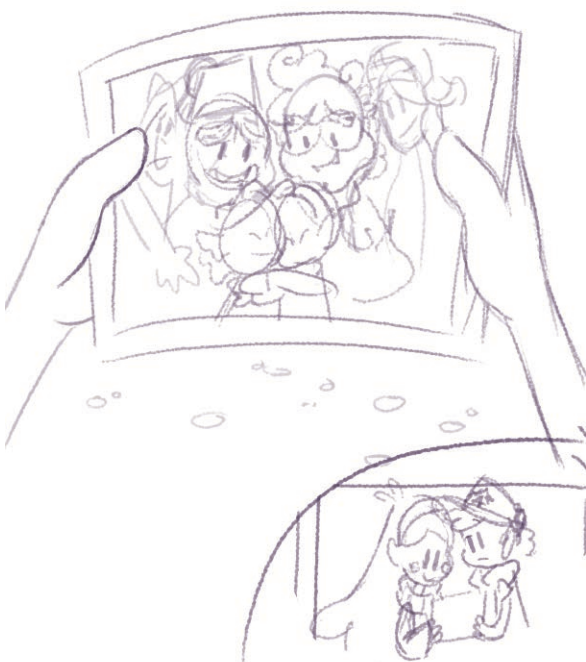


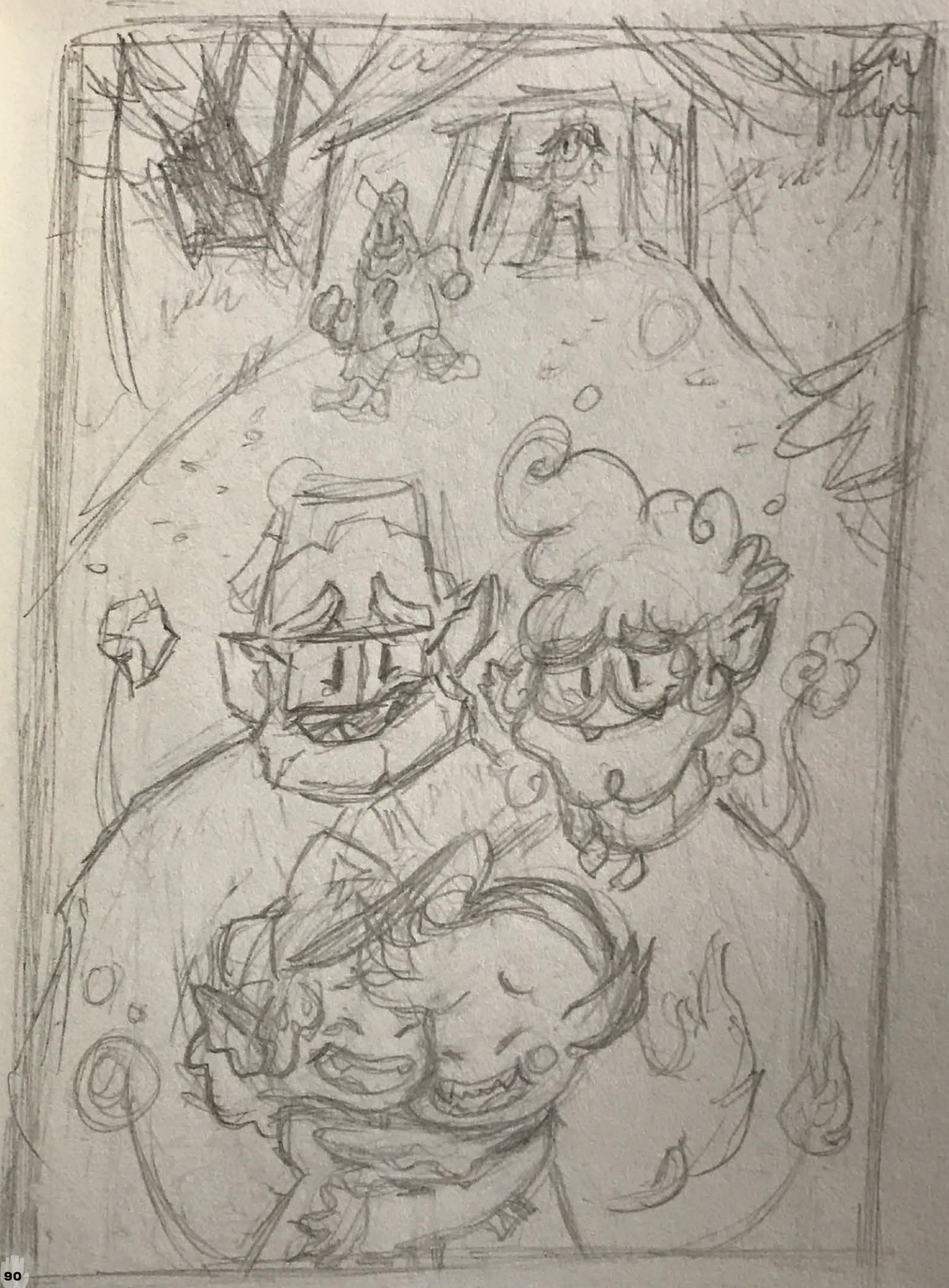




















This is Tobias Determined, coming to you live with our latest intel from Ramirez Space Tech...



Where it's been confirmed that criminal mastermind Mabel Pines has stolen a spaceship-

-and carved a frown into the surface of the moon with her homemade death ray!



Image courtesy of NASA



Be advised, America-Miss Pines is still on the run!





Furry Fortune Teller

By: Nour Hajar

"I can't believe pop called me bologna!" Stanley threw himself onto his bed with a huff.

"He didn't call you bologna," Stanford corrected. "He called your idea bologna."

"That's the same thing! My ideas come from my head, my head is me, so he's calling me bologna." Stanley threw up his arms angrily.

"To be fair, you didn't have much of a compelling argument," Stanford said from behind his math book. "You can't say he's got stage fright to explain why we can't show Pop Shanklin's laser eyes."

"I can too say that," Stanley said. He slunk down to the floor. "I mean, you can't prove he can't do it just because you haven't seen it. It's like Santa or the Tooth fairy. Just because you didn't see them doesn't mean they aren't real."

"I can't argue with you there. However, Pop isn't going to take that kind of reasoning."

"I know. It stinks." Stanley flailed on the floor of the bedroom. "Like old socks."

"We've already tried testing his strength, agility and speed." Stanford pointed to the obstacle courses that they had set up in their bedroom. "And he hasn't shown any progress in any of them."

"He's made progress in being the toughest possum. Right Shanklin?" Stanley asked.

The stab-possum in question gave a small yawn before curling back to sleep. He'd nested in the shirt that Stan still hadn't returned to the Sibling Brothers.

"Oh yeah, he's tough," Stanley said, grinning.

"Tough isn't going to be good enough." Stanford pursed his lips. "Pop said we needed something sellable with Shanklin or else he'll put him out on the streets. remember?"

"Don't worry. This is just like in the latest issue of the Stilted Investigator Dogs! The pack is about to lose their dog house to some snooty poodle who wants to make it into a snooty salad bar unless they can raise the funds and stop her."

Stanley continued his explanation of the plot line while Stanford nodded along, asking the occasional question about how dogs are able to communicate with humans yet still need to earn money.

"If they can talk to people why don't they just put on a show and wow a bunch of locals and make money that way?" Stanford asked.

"I don't know. Besides, if they did that they wouldn't be able to stop the bank robber and get paid reward money for bein' heroes!" Stanley said excitedly.

"That sounds contrived." Stanford rolled his eyes.

"You're just sayin' that because there isn't numbers on every page," Stanley defended. "I bet if you read the first issue you'd see it's really cool." Stanley jumped to his feet and started to rummage through his drawers. "Now where did I leave it? I was reading it last night."

He felt something bump against his leg. Looking down Stanley saw Shanklin with something in his mouth.

"Whatcha got there buddy?" Stanley asked, reaching down for whatever Shanklin was holding. "C'mon Slick, let 'er go."

Shanklin held tight with his teeth, but he was no match for the might of the one and only Stanley Pines. After a minor shake, and the accidental vaulting of Shanklin onto the lower bunk, Stanley found the comic he was looking for.

"Oh my gosh!" Stanley cried. "Sixer, did you see that?"

"I don't think a possum shot-put will win us many friends," Stanford deadpanned. "The last thing we need is some animal rights group giving Pop a whole bunch of calls."

"No, not that!" Stanley bounded over to his brother. "Look, he brought me the comic I was looking for. It's like he knew what I was thinking."

"He's in the room with us. He could have just recognised what you were looking for from last night," Stanford said. He watched as Shanklin scratched at Stan's leg. "But that does raise the possibility of him having near-canine intelligence."

በጋራ ጥያቄዎች ለማሟላት ማንኛውንም ዓይነት ምርመራ ያስፈልጋል፡፡ ማንኛውንም ጥያቄ ለማሟላት ማንኛውንም ዓይነት ምርመራ ያስፈልጋል፡፡

"No way. He's psychic. Like Ma!" Stanley waved his arms excitedly, dropping something from his comic book. "Oh no, my book mark."

"You used a candy bar as a bookmark?" Stanford questioned. He watched with bemusement as Shanklin snatched the treat mid-fall and scampered under the bed.

"Hey give that back!" Stanley reached under the bed. "I was gonna have it for a midnight snack, but I didn't stay up long enough."

"Maybe that was why he took your comic?"

"Nuh-uh," Stanley said, successfully pulling Shanklin out from under the bed by his tail. "He's a mind reader possum, like Ma. But less hairy."

"Probably shouldn't say that around Ma." Stanford stifled a giggle.

"That's why you're the smart one," Stanley said, grinning.

"So you're saying he needs a bigger curtain?" Ma Pines said, grinning.

"No way," Stanley said. "If we make it any bigger then no one'll see him. And then what's the point of setting up the show if no one one is gonna see him?"

"Mystique, of course." Ma held up a fabric light. It was covered in stars and constellations. "When you start a show, you need to make a grand entrance. And what, my little free spirit, could be grander than a shadow puppet show?" She pinched Stanley's cheek before getting back to work.

"She does have a point," Stanford said from his perch on the floor. He had his nose in a fortune telling book, the current chapter titled 'Onion predictions and you!' "If we want a large number of people to come and watch Shanklin, then we'll need something really eye catching."

"He's Shanklin! What could be more attention-hogging' than that?" Stanley asked. "How many people have seen a stab-possum before?"

Shanklin was taking another nap, this time on an empty seat in the living room. He had been rushed downstairs the moment the brothers had agreed to ask their mother for help. And while he wasn't necessarily pleased with being so roughly picked up and moved, he was rather excited to smell the delicious lunch that Ma had been cooking.

"Everyone's seen a possum before, Stanley," Stanford said.

"Yeah, but he's a stab-possum!" Stanley insisted.

"The suckers won't know that. Without his knife, they'll think he's some regular old possum, like your Pa," Ma said. She cut a small square from the fabric in her hand and laid it on Shanklin's back. "Oh, this could make a nice cape for you."

"Well they're dumb," Stanley muttered.

"Maybe instead one belly-aching, maybe you can help your Ma with cleaning up all this possum hair." Ma nodded to the lint roller.

"Aw, why do I have to do chores?" Stanley huffed.

"Cause - uh, we need him prepped for his show," Ma said quickly. "Yeah, we're gonna need to clean Little Shanklin before his show so that the customers see his best side. You don't want him to get a bad picture do you? Imagine how bad the publicity would be. 'Failed Possum Performer Ruins Tourist Ice Creams with Fur.'"

"Oh no! Not the ice cream!" Stanley gasped.

"Yes the ice cream!" Ma smiled wickedly. "Are you gonna let all those delicious treats get spoiled by Shanklin's messy hair?"

"Never!" Stanley cried. He brandished the lint roller over his head as he ran to clean Shanklin of his loose fur.

"And make sure you get your clothes clean too," his mother called after him. She picked up her fabric once more and started to measure out the length of the curtain bar her sons had decided upon.

"You don't really think that would ruin his show do you?" Stanford had tucked away his book for now. He'd read enough methods of predicting the future that he was seeing stars.

"That depends on how you define 'ruin'," Ma said, smiling. "You know what they say, there's no such thing as bad publicity."

"But if people spread the word of how messy Shanklin is, then less people will come our way," Stanford said.

"That's why we need a good show to put on. How often do you think a tourist comes to this broad walk?"

"Once a vacation?" Stanford adjusted his glasses.

"Correct," Ma said. "And if new people are coming every day, then we've got new people to scam. And if more good news spreads about how amazing Shanklin's fortune telling is, then people will more likely take the risk of coming to see his show. And do you know why?"

"Because people could get their ice cream before coming to watch Shanklin's show?" Stanford asked.

"I knew you'd say that," Ma said, grinning. She reached down and pressed Stanford's nose, who giggled in response. "I was thinking that curiosity killed the cat."

"But satisfaction brought it back," Stanford rhymed. He was about to enjoy a well-deserved break when he heard his brother scream with pain, followed by a loud thud.

"Sixer, help! The lint roller attacked me!"

Stanford stood up to see his brother wrapped in the lint roller paper. It looked like a poorly designed halloween costume, but stickier.

"I'm coming," Stanford sighed.

"Come one, come all!" Stan cheered. He danced along the boardwalk, catching the eye of every tourist and uninterested beach goer. "If you're bored outta your mind from seeing the same old sand and water, then boy have I got what you're missing!"

"I have been getting bored," a tall man said. He wore a line of sunblock across his nose.

"I do hate sand and water," the woman next to him agreed.

"What do you wanna show me? Is it a dinosaur?" The child with the couple asked.

"Even better!" Stanley hopped from one foot to the next. "A possum that'll tell you the future!"

"That's so cool!" A grin spread along the child's face. "Mum! Dad! Can we go see the magic possum? Please please please?"

"It's not by the beach is it?" His mother pursed her lips. Stanley wondered why she wore a swimsuit if she hated the beach this much, but chose to not say so out loud.

"No way. The sand makes his outfit comfy," Stanley said.

"Well, if the possum is that understanding about the dangers of sand, then we have to go see them," the child's mother said smiling.

Stanley ran ahead, leading the vacationing family, and a few curious passersby towards Shanklin's stand. His Ma had taken her crystal ball and its table out of the pawn shop and onto the boardwalk. Sitting on top of the crystal ball, in the centre of a mess of tarot cards, was the possum in question. A star-patterned hat adorned his head as Shanklin looked out at the audience. The possum gave a happy squeak when he saw Stanley return.

"Now Ladies, Gents and Germs, who's brave enough to have their fortune told by the most magical possum in the world?" Ma asked the crowd.

A young girl with pigtails, looking only slightly younger than Stan and Ford, bravely marched over to Shanklin's table.

Ma grinned. "Ah, a brave young lass aren't we?"

"All who approach Shanklin must place an offering in the gift bucket," Stanley tried his best to put on a mysterious voice. He held out a bucket towards the girl. She ran back to her parents and returned with a five dollar bill, which she dropped in the bucket before staring at the possum.

"Mr. Shanklin, where will I have the most fun today?" she asked.

"Take out a card, tell us what it says, and he'll tell you what he sees," Stanley said.

The girl nodded and drew a card from the many that surrounded the crystal ball.

"The Chariot?" she read.

Shanklin chattered his teeth to her.

"Sorry, I don't understand possum," she said in a small voice.

"Normally, a translation costs extra. But for such a pretty little lady, Stanley will give it to you for free," Ma said quickly, before Stanley could shove his bucket in her face again.

"Sure thing." Stanley put his bucket down next to the table. He tucked something into his pocket before walking over to the girl.

"The great Shanklin says that a Chariot card tells you of great enjoyment at the bumper cars at fun land. Or maybe with a toy car you could get at the local pawn shop," he added with a wink.

"What if my card was upside down?" the girl asked. "And I read it without turning it around?"

"Well, Shanklin says..." Stanley paused to let the possum in question squeak. "The exact opposite. If it was upside down then you should be careful, you might get bored out of your mind from the bumpers. Or maybe you should check out a doll from that pawn shop instead."

The girl gave Stanley a serious look before putting her card back. "Thank you, Mr. Shanklin," she said, before running back to her parents.

There many hushed whispers as Ma walked around, a small bucket in her hand. "So who's up next? Shanklin takes advance payments." She grinned as various people dug out their wallets and threw a dollar or two into her bucket.

"Line up and Shanklin will read your fortunes!" Stanley said.

"Psst, Stan! That wasn't the plan!" A harsh whisper came from somewhere unseen.

Stanley grinned. "C'mon Ford, this is more fun."

"If we give a wrong prediction, people will be upset," Stanford insisted. He poked his head out from under the table cloth, careful that no one from the crowd could see him.

"Half these people are here for the fun of it. I don't think they'll mind a bologna fortune," Stanley said grinning, his bucket already full of 'translation' fees.

"Can you at least give a couple of the ones I'm suggesting?" Stanford asked. "This book is heavy, and writing predictions super fast isn't easy."

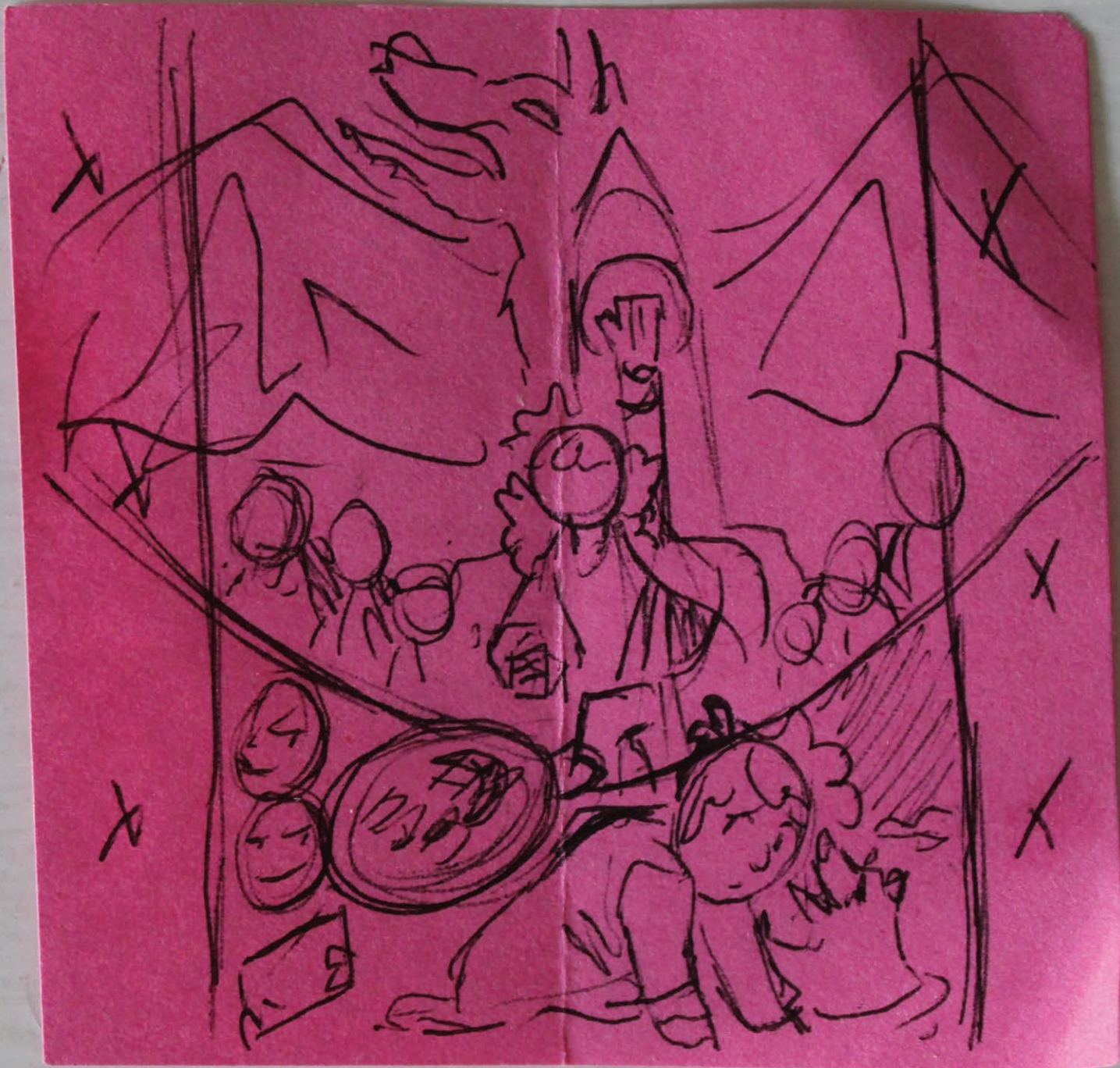
"Are you sure you don't wanna join me up here?" Stanley whispered. "It's like storytelling, but more fun!"

"I'll stick to the facts," Stanford muttered.

"Here's a fact. After this pop won't call Shanklin a waste of space ever again," Stanley said grinning.

"Definitely," Stanford agreed.















THIS SUMMER
WILL GET
**RED
HOT**

A
HELLISH
EXPERIENCE

the pines bros in

THE JERSEY DEVIL

Now in Full Color





The Heist

By: Kaiti Doan

It's been three weeks since they'd successfully hunted down the Jersey Devil and proven that Stan needed to improve upon his thieving skills. Which, though Stan would never admit to it, was plenty of time for him to learn a few things. Namely that a good heist needed a plan maybe more thought out than 'go to the place and take the thing'. A very solid foundation but not a plan, unfortunately.

Solitary confinement wasn't bad, since they were together, and where Stan wasn't the best at planning things, he had Ford to help him. This time the heist would be a complete success, he can feel it in his bones. They've talked it through a few times and this would be their third attempt; third time's the charm or something like that, right?

The map is laying on their floor, a cup filled with cracked marbles holding down a chewed on corner that kept trying to curl up. Ford is impressed by how straight the lines were; Stanley hadn't even used a ruler. The proportions weren't exactly to scale but it was a fairly accurate representation of their house. Ford points to their goal, marked with misshapen drawn stars: the kitchen. "So, let's go through the plan one more time before we do this."

Stanley grins, the Band-Aid on his cheek pulling with the expression, and reaches into the little shoebox he had set next to the map. First he pulls out a tiny plastic sword and a six sided die which both go into the little square that represents their bedroom. Next a nearly empty bottle of red nail polish goes into the corner of the kitchen and a heavily chipped rock goes to the stairs that leads down into the shop. "We're goin' for the big haul this time, Sixer. Enough snacks to get through the rest of the summer. Or at least till next week."

Ford glances over at the only prize they'd successfully managed to heist since their summer long imprisonment had begun: a bag that had contained five whole toffee peanuts. Stan had eaten most of them so Ford is excited to possibly get something better this time. He takes the die from his twin, rubbing his thumb over the side with the six dots as he studies the layout.

Each attempt had added to what was at first just a bunch of squares. Xs marked where squeaky floorboards acted as alarms that seemed to summon their father from downstairs. Shermie's room was completely scribbled out in red after the disastrous attempt to hide there during their first heist; they both swear they won't become that crazy when they're teenagers. Stan had even marked the living room couch with a dab of the red nail polish after their mother had moved there without their notice on the second attempt. One had to be ready for all possibilities after all.

"First we sneak down the hall, making sure Ma isn't in the living room first." Stan takes the die back so he can slide it and the sword across the paper like game pieces on a board. He pauses briefly at the living room, "If she is, we institute Operation Bathroom." Which was fancy code talk for Stan being the distraction, purposely getting caught and making a production out of going to the bathroom so Ford can handle the actual heisting, since Stan was the better one at...embellishing the truth.

Ford nods in understanding. "And if she's not and is in the kitchen, we throw our new secret weapon down the hall to distract her." Out of his pocket comes the latest and greatest of all of Ford's inventions: the Chatterbox, though he might change the name. A pair of Stan's wind up chattering teeth with a few modifications, namely a mostly garbled voice box from an old toy robot, to make it the perfect tool for such a heist. They'd just have to wind it up and toss it and bam, their ma would run down the hall and be flummoxed by what she found. That should buy them plenty enough time to heist plenty of snacks.

Stan frowns, his bottom lip sticking out in a pout as he stares at the transformed pranking tool. "I wish we could just use Shanklin for this. It's what he was born to do!" his dear, precious opossum son. Him and Ford both cast a sad look out the window in remembrance of their lost companion. Apparently solitary confinement for stealing and lying didn't include the world's greatest pet assassin. At least not after they'd used him in their first heist.

But there was no time to be sad about lost pets; not when there were snacks waiting for them. So they both nod at each other and get up to finish their preparations.

On their feet they put on their plushiest socks, the one their grandma knitted for them last Hanukah; they're scratchy and too warm for summer, but they also make the least amount of noise when they step in them. On their backs are their school bags, freshly dumped out on the floor and ready to be filled with all the snacks they can get their hands on. Finally, Stan takes a black marker and puts a swipe under each of their eyes.

"Wait, isn't it soldiers and, like, football players that have the black on their face?" Ford questions, touching the wet ink and staining the ends of his fingers. "Thieves have those black masks in the comic books."

Stan shakes his head, "I was gonna cut up a t-shirt for masks but Ma took the scissors and all of our knives after they caught Shanklin. But this is just as cool!"

Ford nods and takes the marker to help Stan get the marks on his cheeks nice and thick. Once all is said and done, they flash each other a grin and a thumbs up. Ford doesn't like the idea of stealing but he can't help being excited for the snacks. Plus, this will be their best adventure since their prison stay started. Also stealing feels less bad when you call it a heist; just sounds much cooler that way. And he has a really good feeling about this.

This is without a doubt going to be their best heist yet.

Or it was going to be before they opened their door to find their Ma standing there with her hands on her hips and an expectant look on her face.

“How goes the heist planning, boys?” Their ma raises a brow at them, pinning them in spot with her stare. They’d both talked before about whether their ma actually has powers or maybe it’s just a thing that all mothers can do. She points to the map that’s still on the floor. “You might want to put that away when you go to sleep or else someone might see it when they come to tuck you little trouble makers into bed.”

Okay, so as cool as the word heist was maybe it was a bad idea to write it in big bold letters on the map. With stars around it.

Stan coughs, the first to break out of their ma’s spell, and waves his hands in front of him. “W-we weren’t doin’ nothin’, Ma! Just, you know, playing a game. We weren’t plannin’ on leavin’ the room or nothing!” he grins, his big one he saves for when he gets caught filching coins at the arcade. “We’re just playing!”

She looks almost as unimpressed as their pa generally does, staring down Stan to see which will break first. But their ma is and always will be stare-down champion because Stan very quickly drops his eyes down to his sock-clad feet.

“You’re both lucky you’re cute or else I’d sell ya for spare parts.” Their ma says and now she’s smiling as she grabs something she’d apparently set outside their doorframe. Both boys’ faces light up and their stomachs let out a duet of growls at the bag of food she extends to them. “If you get caught one more time, I won’t be held responsible for how tan your father will make your hides.”

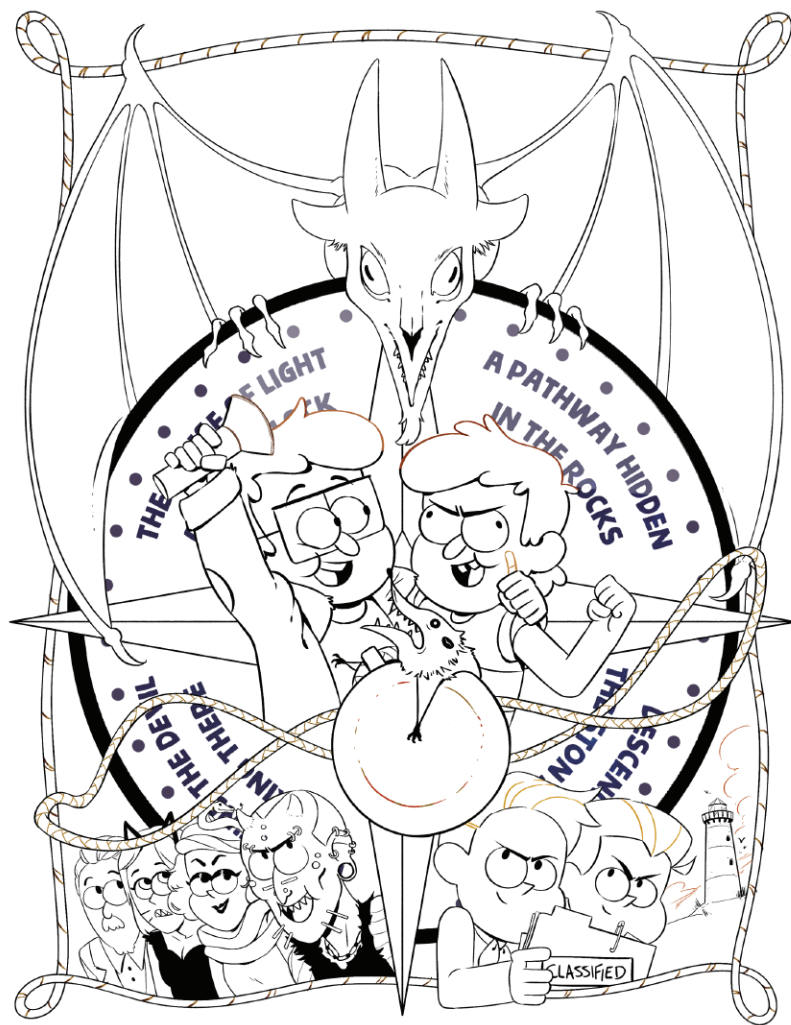
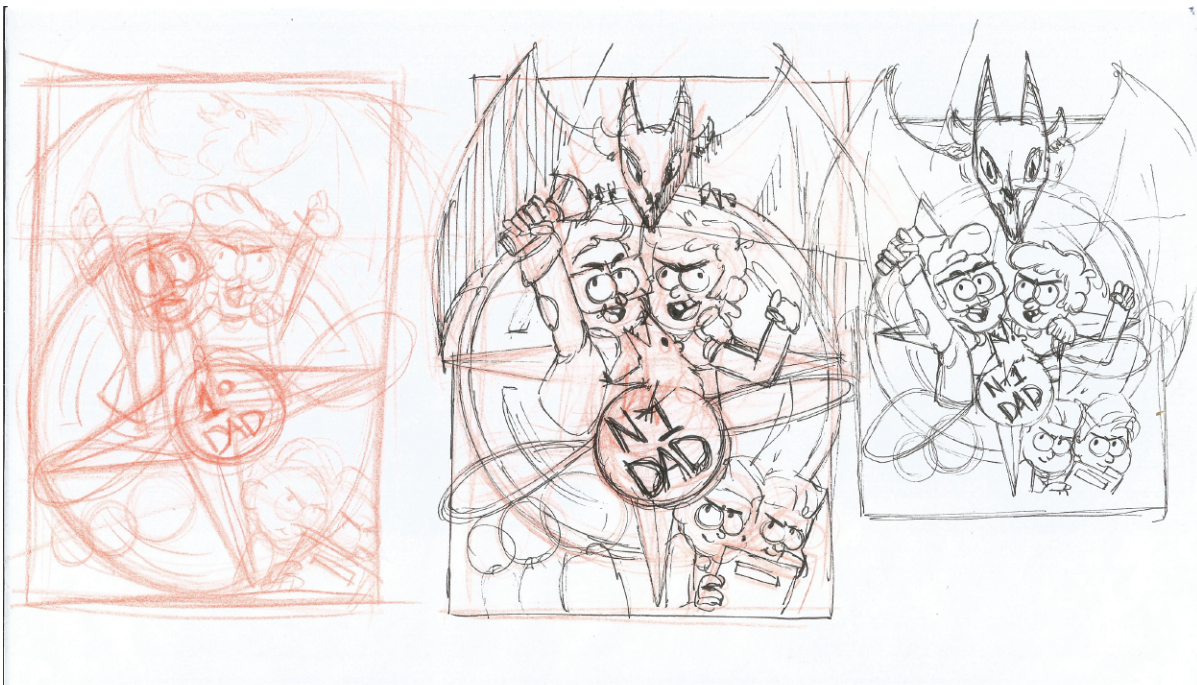
Stan and Ford both run forward to have a bit of tug of war over the bag, both trying to peer inside at the same time. It’s a feast fit befitting the kings of New Jersey: toffee peanuts, jelly beans, two chocolate bars, and two cans of pit cola, still chilled from the fridge. Their ma bends down a bit and points to her cheek, “Now, pay up and give your mama some sugar too.”

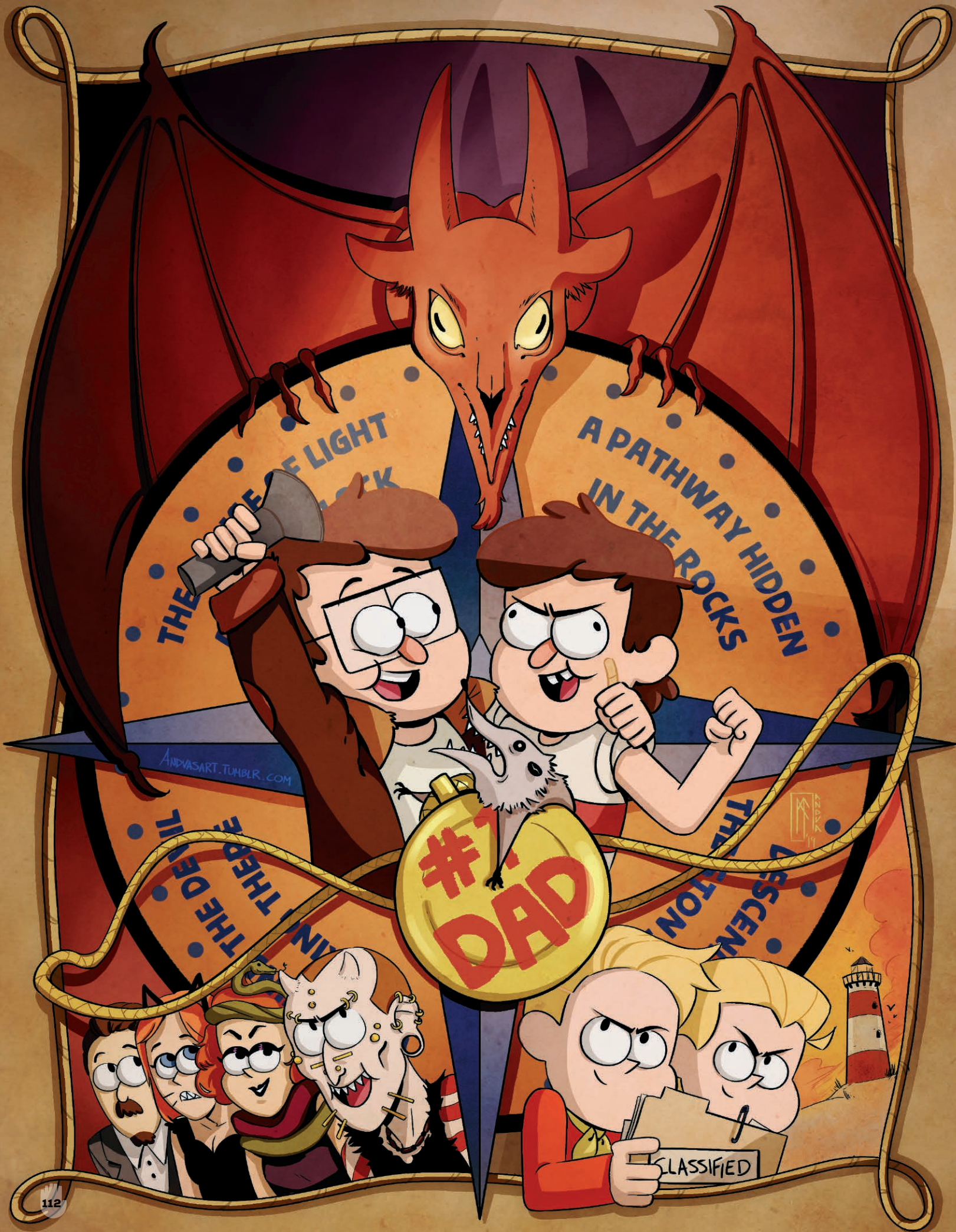
“Thank you!” they call out together, pushing up on their tips toes to plant a kiss on opposite cheeks.

She musses both of their hair as she straightens back up, crossing her arms and cocking her hip to the side. “Remember, boys. There’s a key to every successful heist.” She grins and winks; “An inside man.”



Ace





Pit Stop: Work In Progress

By: Kira

It was mid-afternoon in Glass Shard Beach when the second-most barnacle-encrusted vessel it had ever seen pulled into the harbor. Obvious wear and care covered the ship, from dents in the well cleaned deck to the name “Stan O’ War” on its side, shaky from re-paintings.

A loud voice boomed from the cabin as a tall figure in a flowing trench coat emerged to dock the ship.
“You kids don’t know the half of it! Ya know, just last week—”

“Save some of the storytelling for me, Stan!” Ford shouted from the deck. “We both made first contact with the lost city of Atlantis, after all!” He finished tying the line to a post onshore and headed back into the Stan O’ War.

Inside, Stan was gesturing grandly, miming a rather annoyed squid in a medieval helmet. The computer screen in front of showed the rapt faces of their great niece and nephew, their eyes darting back and forth with each statement.

“—And then, I punched the lead chariot driver in the face!” Stan punctuated the statement with a wild swing.

Ford sighed fondly and came to rest his arm on the back of Stan’s chair. “Which probably wasn’t the best conduct for a formal Atlantean race.”

Stan waved away the comment. “That shark-man had it coming to him.”

“In other news,” Ford leaned closer to the camera. “Has Stanley told you both where we’re refueling today?” They shook their heads. “Well, today, we’ve stopped off where it all began: Glass Shard Beach, New Jersey!”

Mabel gasped in delight while Dipper frowned. “Wait, wasn’t Grunkle Stan banned from New Jersey? Like, 70 years ago?”
“Cops can’t arrest anyone they can’t catch!”

Rolling his eyes, Ford said “Stan has assured me he was only blacklisted here under a false name. Probably.”

“We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it, Sixer.” Stan winked at the laptop and Mabel stifled a snicker. “Anyways, we’ve been talking to you kids for hours—we should round this call off. Maybe go outside, roll in the weeds, whatever it is kids do nowadays.”

“Call us back later and tell us all about your adventure!” Dipper said.

“My boy, this town has been quiet ever since we drove away the Jersey Devil in grade school. It’ll just be a routine pit stop.”

Dipper and Mabel looked at each other dubiously.

“Yeah, no way.”

“Absolutely not.”

Before Ford could argue, Mabel pressed her face into the camera to yell “Okaynowbyehaveagreattime!” and the screen went dark.

Stan chuckled at Ford’s expression. “Those kids are a real riot. How about we head outside and find some fuel?”

Ford smiled. “Sounds great to me.”

The sun shone brightly on the beach, glass glinting amongst haphazardly constructed sandcastles. Kids ran to and fro on the pier, a few swerving to avoid Stan and Ford as they made their way off the boat.

Stan slapped the side of the Stan O’ War. “Looks like we’re going to need to replace our emergency fuel reserves as well. That’s what we get for going full throttle on the way here.”

“To outrun those selkies, I’m glad we did,” Ford held out a hand to help Stan down onto the sand. “Now all we need to do is find somewhere to buy it. I don’t think Glass Shard has had a marina since the 1970s.”

“We know our way around, Ford. It can’t have changed that much since we left!” Stan raised his nose to the air. “Air smells like saltwater taffy and seagull food. Just like old times, am I right?”

“It is pretty similar,” Ford admitted. A smile spread across his face. “We lived on this beach. Remember all those treasure hunts we set up?”

“It’s like being a kid again,” Stan agreed, “Though I don’t seem to remember all of these being here.” The whole beach was dotted with, on closer examination, what appeared to be advertisements. He stopped and examined one of the boards.

Ford made a face. “Why are there so many signs for something called... ‘The Throwback Rag? Connoisseur of Curios, Cryptids, and Other C-Words?’”

“It just seems like your dime-a-dozen tourist trap,” Stan scoffed. “And judging by the quality of these signs: not even a good one!” He aimed a kick at the nearest one and it spun around to its reverse. The back read: ‘We also sell the only fuel in town.’

He rolled his eyes. “No. We are not spending our time back in Glass Shard going to some hokey attraction. We could do that at home!”

“Look at it this way, Stan—we’re headed into town anyway. We’ll be in to see if they have diesel fuel, and then out.”

Stan groaned. “Fine, but you’re on hull cleaning duty next time.”

As they made their way into town, the familiar sights started to fade, replaced by the inevitable changes of time.

“There’s the old pawn shop! Looks like it got turned into a deli—those suckers probably had to dig my caterpillar city out of the walls. Ha! And

there's your favorite bookshop!—nevermind, it got bought out by a chain." Stan's boots crunched on the late fall leaves as they strolled down Glass Shard proper. Though the facades remained, almost every business in their sleepy town had been replaced. It left Ford feeling more than a little unmoored.

"At least we've still got the memories," Ford said, "Hey, I think our alma mater is just around the corner!"

Stan winced. "Let's not, Ford. That high school is nothing but bad memories." Ford frowned, and attempted to say something more when Stan cut him off. "And there's the dumb monster emporium! It looks worse than when I ran the Murder Hut!" He tugged his arm and led him under the flickering neon sign emblazoned with a crude outline of a magnifying glass. "Ford, you were so right: we need to go in just to make fun of it."

Ford sighed and dropped his inquiry. Stan would talk when he was ready. In the meantime, his eyes were immediately drawn to the large tank in the window. "Are those... actual mini-mermen?! I could never manage to catch any in the wild!"

"Well stop gawking at 'em, Sixer, and let's go in! Nothing a six-finger discount can't afford." He winked and pushed the door open.

"Stanley, we can't steal from a—" Ford stopped at the threshold, his eyes growing wide. The store consisted of one large room with a confusing, tacky layout... but filled with the sixth-largest collection of crypto-content he had ever seen. And it was all real. Rare alien gemstones, prehistoric bones, and cases all along the walls of every oddity he had ever encountered in Glass Shard Beach.

Stan appeared at his side, arms full with fuel tanks. "This place is the worst tourist attraction I've seen in ages. Surprised they haven't been run out of town yet, am I right?"

"Quite the opposite," he said, running his hands across a chip of wood from a ghost ship. "Stan, everything here is legitimately paranormal! I think it might be the fourth-largest collection on Earth!"

"You've got to be kidding me. This place? Who in Glass Shard would even be able to get all this stuff?"

"Ascot, some new customers have arrived!" A bald man, about their age, rounded the corner with his arms full of the signs they had seen outside. His sweater-vest and collared shirt were emblazoned with the same logo from the shop front. "Well, my eyes do deceive me, it's the Pines twins, back after so long! Weren't you banned from this state? Don't worry, I'd never tell!" He sidled close to Stan as Ford gaped.

Stan leaned away from the contact. "I have no idea who you are."

Ford eyed the man in the vest as he looked apologetically at Stan. "They're the..."

"How nifty, Dickie! I heard the sound of old friends from back in the storeroom," A second man with identical features strolled out from behind the cash register. His perfectly coiffed gray hair completed his ensemble of an ascot, red sweater, and pressed lab-coat. "Some chin with chums would really make this day!"

Stan narrowed his eyes. "Oh wait, I recognize them: they're the Sibling Bothers."

"Brothers," Ford corrected, eyes still flitting between the curios and the duo who owned them.

"Same thing."

Dickie and Ascot moved to stand back to back with identical grins. "The one and only!" They proceeded to laugh heartily in the middle of the store, earning side looks from the sentient saltwater taffy along the wall.

"I think they're trapped in the 60s," Stan whispered to Ford. "Only way to explain all that hideous wallpaper."

"We may be 60, Stanley Pines, but our hearing hasn't gone just yet!" Ascot winked at Stan, who shifted uncomfortably.

Dickie leaned in. "Anyways, I'm sure you both are dying to hear how we've been doing!"

"Not really—"

"That is the exact opposite of what I want to hear."

"Well," Dickie continued, without pausing, "Ascot and I have become quite the entrepreneurs! He completes his postdoctoral studies in the back while I run the business end of things! We both hunt for new attractions at night, of course."

"Meanwhile, back at the ranch..." Ascot elbowed his brother jauntily.

"Of course, we've yet to ask our pals here what they've made of themselves! How have Glass Shard's third-smartest graduate and local truant fared?"

"I'm suddenly remembering why I hate you two. But if you wanna know," Stan gave a showman's smile and slung his arm around Ford, "We've been exploring the world, searching for paranormal activity! I run a place like this, but better, up in Oregon, and Ford's spent over 40 years studying the supernatural!"

"What a fantastic story!" Dickie snickered, "Shame to say that's some tosh if I've ever heard of it."

"Agreed, Ascot. We can't have any works of fiction in our establishment—you two would best bug out," he said, gesturing to the door.

"I'll have you know we're as fake as your dumb store!" Stan interjected angrily. "I will not hesitate to throw your own fuel on those dumb sweaters!"

"Well, if you two are as legendary as you say... how's about we have ourselves a little competition? Brothers against brothers: we each have until tomorrow morning to find the best cryptid here in Glass Shard. If you win, we'll pay for anything you'd like to buy."

"And if you win?" Stan prompted.

"Well, then we'll just have to hold onto our title as best spook sleuths and paranormal peepers around! All we ask is for a donation to our lovely cryptid collection."

"A small competition shouldn't mean anything to such accomplished adventurers!" Ascot added, "Unless you Pines are all show and no go..."

"We could run mystery circles around you two!" Stan shouted.

Ford held him back and scowled at the two. "Come on, Stan. This is beneath us. Goodbye. We'll find somewhere else to buy fuel." He turned to walk out the door and Stan followed reluctantly.

"Well Ascot, there you have it. What would you expect from a high school dropout and a freak? People never really change, especially not weirdos like them."

Stan looked crestfallen. Ford swiveled around to face the Sibling Brothers and narrowed his eyes. "You know what? You're on. See you tomorrow, at the pier. Bring your best: it won't be good enough."

Ascot smirked. "Now that's what I like to hear! There may be hope for you yet."

Dickie pulled the fuel out of Stan's hands and shoved them towards the door. "Now get going! You only have 18 hours to accomplish the impossible!" He flipped over the open sign and slammed the door.

The sun shone over the unfamiliar landscape, and Ford squinted against the light. "I'm starting to think this may have been a bad idea," he admitted.

Stan scoffed. "Come on Ford, you're a genius and I'm the best swindler Glass Shard's ever produced!" He grabbed Ford's arm and waved his arm across the sky. "There's absolutely no way we could come back empty-handed!"

"Well, we're pretty much empty handed." Stan stated as they walked back towards the beach. It was completely dark when they finally made it back to the Stan O' War. The deck wobbled slightly as they climbed aboard and their voices echoed through the quiet harbor.

"I'm sorry that one didn't pan out. At least it was nice to see the old carny crew," Ford admitted. "I didn't know they'd added a dolphin tightrope walker!"

"The crab cult on the beach was a bust too— who knew they'd take me calling them 'shrink-wrapped lobsters' as an act of war?" Stan groused as Ford shrugged.

"I'm glad the Jersey Devil left in any case. He didn't deserve to be hunted another time, by us or the Sibling Brothers."

"If all else fails, we can always find another possum and strap a razor to him. Or a laser gun," Stan said jokingly.

Ford sighed as they entered the cabin of the ship. "I really am sorry we didn't find anything, Stan. I know this competition was important to you."

"It doesn't matter that much, Ford. I'm sorry you'll have to lose some of your 8-finned fish."

"It's alright Stan, I have DNA samples," Ford said dismissively. "The real question is if you're going to be okay."

"S'not like we haven't lost to the Sibling Brothers before." Stan chuckled sadly. "It'll be just like old times." He turned his back and disappeared into his room.

Ford frowned and turned to reassure Stan, but his door had already shut. He came to a decision. There was only one thing to do: dig through his old stash.

"How much harm could it do, to even the odds a little?" Ford reasoned to himself as he retrieved a tupperware container from the beside the spices in the kitchen. Removing the lid, he dumped the assortment of costume jewelry, dusty mini-manuals, and souvenir magnets onto the counter. "Let's see... 'How to Summon Cthulhu in Three Easy Steps:' a little too extreme. 'Unholy Demonic Pelican in a Jar, Just Add Water:' too easy. I need something that'll beat anything the Sibling Brothers can come up with."

His eyes fell on an oddly glowing amulet under a coverless copy of Tome of the Unknown. Ah, he remembered that one: a powerful artifact from Dimension 98*3.

Perfect.

The moon was just starting to disappear behind the early morning clouds as they made their way to the agreed-upon location.

"Why are we even going to meet these guys? To admit we lost?" Stan groused, "Let's scam before they notice and find fuel somewhere else. Know what? Let's just rob their store."

"No, Stan, we're not stealing from the Sibling Brothers," He sighed, wistfully thinking of the artifacts inside the Throwback Rag, "Even if they deserve it."

The Sibling Brother's silhouettes were visible in the distance near the craggy rocks close to the beach caves. Beside them was a large shape twice their height. "We're here, Ford, no need to keep pulling me around," Stan rolled his eyes. "Let's get this over with."

Upon closer examination, the two brothers were framed by a hulking mass of a sheet, underneath which two tan feet could be seen. Ascot waved, "Ah, there you are! We were starting to think you two were no-shows!"

"I hope you've brought your a-game, because we certainly have!" Dickie added. With a flourish, he tore off the sheet, revealing a bound and rather uncomfortable looking humanoid. "Presenting: the one and only Sand Yeti! We found them wandering in the caves near the beach! They'll make a marvelous addition to our storefront!"

"Once again, a marvelous job done, dear Dickie." Ascot winked.

"Right you are, Ascot," Dickie replied. "There's a reason we're still known as..."

"The ginchiest gumshoes in Glass Shard!" They finished together. "Jinx, you owe me a coke!"

Stan's face held a look of unadulterated disgust. "I hate you both. So much."

Dickie turned back to the Pines brothers. "Hate us you may, but I notice you rubes have nothing to show, in spite of all your posturing."

"I hope you've got your donation to the Throwback Rag ready," Ascot added.

Stan scowled. "Fine, you beat us! But there's no way we're going to give you any—"

"Ah!" Ford interrupted, "I seem to have forgotten to mention—we have a cryptid as well!"

Stan gave him a look of confusion as he beckoned the Sibling Brothers closer to the shoreline. "Ford, we don't have anything."

Ford beamed at Stan and tugged on a chain attached to a nearby rock jutting out of the water. "Then how do you explain... this?" With a lurch, the rock was wrenched forward, tipping dangerously close to the water as a single purple claw emerged from the ocean.

Stan stared. "What. The @#&!. Is that."

Ford beamed. "It's a sharksquid, to the best of my knowledge. Give or take a couple strains of crab-like alien DNA." He pulled a sandwich bag out of his pocket and proceeded to throw shrimp into the water. Each splash was met with an answering snap of teeth and claw. The Sibling Brothers had gone rather pale. With a showman's twirl, Ford threw the last shrimp high in the air, and a boiled-looking, verdantly purple mass followed it into the air.

Stan took one look at the writhing mass of tentacles and swirling teeth and announced, "I'm naming him Jaws Armstrong."

"That's a horrible name, Stanley"

"Look, Sixer," Stan hissed, "You get the eldritch horror, I get to name it. How did you even get him?"

Ford tugged the glowing amulet briefly from his pocket. The ruby light shone oddly in the early morning. "I had a Monster Assembler I hadn't used from my time in the multiverse." At Stan's skeptical look, he rolled his eyes. "Don't worry, he's perfectly stable. We simply need to grip this amulet to send him back inside."

In an ironic circumstance under the waves, the rope holding the sharksquid to the rock started to fray.

Stan took a deep breath. "Ford, you summoned an eldritch horror into Glass Shard Beach to get back at our childhood rivals. This situation does not look good. I'm even being responsible for once!"

Ford waved away the accusation. "The whole thing was stacked against us anyway. They know the area better and probably hunted every cryptid to extinction. I'm just giving them a taste of real competition." Dickie and Ascot's eyes darted back and forth between the brothers as the argument continued to escalate.

Stan crossed his arms. "I still don't like this."

"Technically, I found him in the ocean right by the beach, so he still counts for the contest."

"Ford, I'm not talking about the cheating. Cheating was my fake middle name. I'm talking about the giant sharksquid that looks like it could destroy the entire town if it got loose!"

"When have you ever cared about collateral damage?"

"When it could hurt my boat!"

"Stanley, I was just doing my best to help! I didn't see you coming up with anything!"

"Oh, so now it's my fault? Blame those idiots for their stupid overpriced diesel monopoly!"

Dickie hid himself behind the long leg of the Sand Yeti, who was still quite unhappy to be there.

"Oh yes, thank you for the reminder, Stan." Ford rounded on Ascot, who shrank back in fright. "Would you like to be the judge of this competition?"

In the water, there was an audible snap.

"Uh, Ford?"

"Not now Stanley, I'm trying to tell these hooligans that we're clearly the victors."

"Ford, Jaws Armstrong is gone."

"I told you, we're not calling him that—wait what."

With a roar, the sharksquid rose from the harbor—bringing most of its water with them.

A giant whirlpool consumed the bay, every ship floating in pieces or whole in its grasp, and the two brothers were buffeted by the

winds of a sudden storm bearing upon the entirety of Glass Shard Beach.

"Ford, it might be a good time to use that dumb amulet!" Stan bellowed over the wind.

"I was just going to do that," Ford snapped as he reached in his coat. Suddenly, a crack tore through the air and the sandy rocks below their feet. The glowing sphere flung out of his pocket into an oncoming tidal wave.

There was a flash of light and Ford paled. "I think... the Assembler just reactivated."

"What does that mean?!" Ascot yelled.

"It means we're about to have more company," Ford said grimly.

Dickie shifted nervously. "Ascot, we'd better cut out before things get too messy."

Ascot's face briefly switched from panic to mild nervousness as he answered, "Right you are, Chrome Dome." He tugged on the sand-yeti's rope to lead him back to shore.

A crash tore through the air as the hull of a ship, thankfully not the Stan O' War, landed right between the Sibling Brothers and the Sand Yeti. Finding their rope snapped, the creature took this moment to rightfully flee for the hills.

The Pines watched the Sand Yeti leave with a sense of relief that was short lived, as the boat piece groaned. It fell to one side, revealing glowing bugs chewing holes through the metal, right next to the Sibling Brothers. Ascot and Dickie gulped nervously.

Their beady eyes turned towards the motion, and they advanced upon them with keening wails.

"Ugh, and now we have to save those jerks," Stan grimaced.

"We probably should," Ford said. They looked at each other expectantly as the sound of the Sibling Brothers' shrieks grew louder.

"Fine, I'll take this one," Ford acquiesced. With a single fluid motion, he pulled his laser gun from its holster on his hip. Heading towards the remains of the boat, he aimed at the bugs one by one, and gestured the brothers away from the caracasses. The Sibling Brothers took a running leap into a nearby box of tackle.

"Now that that's taken care of," Ford declared icily, "I believe you and I were having a conversation?"

"Argument, you mean." Stan's tone matched only Ford's in its gruffness. "Why was this so important to you?"

"I could ask you the same thing!"

"I was ready to drop it, but you're the one who summoned that bill-forsaken sharksquid! What were you even thinking? You can't just introduce the paranormal to a place on a whim!"

"Stanley! This was not spur of the moment! I'll have you know I—"

The ocean seemed to expand outwards as the full body of the sharksquid emerged from the water, towering above the bay. Its claws swiped menacingly at the sand while its tentacles seemed to pull the entire sea closer into a spiral in front of it. Inside the water, the amulet pulsed, sending waves of creatures into the whirlpool.

Stan and Ford decided this would be a good opportunity to regroup. They ducked behind a particularly large outcropping of rock to continue their argument.

"I've used Monster Assemblers dozens of times and they've never gone this badly! I had a plan..." Ford trailed off. "Stanley, I don't know why this competition was so important to you, but I only did it because I didn't want to see you hurt."

They glared at each other for moments on end, as the noise around them faded into the background.

Stan broke first. He scowled. "Fine! I just wanted to prove to you that I'm better than I used to be! Happy?!"

"What on earth are you talking about, Stan?"

He looked at the ground and drew circles in the sand, not meeting Ford's eyes. "We used to do this stuff here all the time as kids: search for mysteries, get into scraps. I guess I just wanted to prove to you that I'm still a good partner. That I wouldn't hold you back, like with the dumb jersey devil. With everything back then, really."

Ford huffed and sat down next to him. "Maybe I did a little too far. I guess the whole thing was about pride. Pride in myself, having come so far since our childhood. But also pride in you."

Stan glanced up. "Me? Really?"

"Of course, Stanley. You've done so many amazing things, some that I couldn't even do. You rebuilt the portal without any help, paid for Soos' schooling, saved everyone from Weiridmageddon! His tone turned wistful. You've always been great, without even trying, and I always messed things up."

"You? A screwup? No way! Stan turned Ford around to face him. "You're you! You've always been the bravest guy I know, even when we were kids! You outsmarted all our bullies and found every mystery! And now, you're Stanford Pines, hero of the multiverse! And," he added, "My brother."

Ford laughed. "Why did we even do this stupid competition in the first place? We're a dynamic duo all our own. We don't need the recognition of some childhood rivals to prove that."

"I blame the free diesel fuel."

They embraced, briefly but tightly, and a tentacle crashed to shore, scattering debris over their heads.

"And that gives me an idea!" Ford exclaimed, resisting the urge to shoot to his feet. "We need to get the amulet out of the whirlpool, right?"

"Yeah?"

"The best way to do that is for one of us to go inside! The other will distract the sharksquid and draw it away," Ford reasoned. "I suppose I'll need to do the distracting... I doubt brass knuckles will be much use at a distance."

"Hey, these puppies have saved your kisser more times than I can count," Stan retorted. "Are you sure I should get the amulet? I don't even know how to work the thing."

"Trust me, my laser gun will be more effective. And I trust you." He reassured Stan with a firm squeeze to his shoulder. "There's no one else better for the job."

Stan smiled. "Okay, split on three. One, two, RUN!"

Ford jumped up and ran to the far edge of the beach, where the sharksquid's teeth were busy devouring rather unlucky vessels. From the depths of his coat, he drew a focusing crystal and attached it to the front of his gun. "Hey! Over here! Fresh scientist to devour!"

As the sharksquid turned his way, Stan took a leap from the pier nearest the glowing light of the amulet. He managed to land on a tan object that he assumed was driftwood from the wrecked parts of the pier. It was, unfortunately, extremely fleshy. And had eyes. And steam engines?

"Hot belgian waffles, I think I'm jumping on living miniature boats. Why are there living boats in this whirlpool?!"

"I didn't really think about the types of creatures; the Assembler has no set parameters—it could have summoned anything!" Ford shouted back as he sent a rather powerful shot into the water near the tail of the beast. "Just keep going!"

Stan shoved down his discomfort and used them to jump closer to the light, as Ford took pot-shots at the sharksquid.

The amulet shone and seemed to dissolve and reform, leaving a waterspout in its location, shooting projectiles.

A crowd of flying clams made their way to Stan, knocking him off balance. He tried to keep his feet on the fleshy boat while swatting away the pests, but was failing miserably.

"Pines, Catch!" Stan swiveled his head just in time to see Dickie throw him a large red net from the dock. "Don't think this means we're giving you two a pass," he shouted, "We need someone to defeat that monster, after all."

Stan replied, "Wouldn't dream of it!" and made sure to throw the next wave of winged clams straight towards the cowering duo.

A couple hops more and he could see the faint gold outline of the amulet beneath the surface. From a distance, he could hear the sharksquid's yells getting louder: they were running out of time. Stan spared a look back towards the shore to see Ford quickly exchanging crystals attached to his gun and Dickie and Ascot throwing seaweed at the flying clams.

"Well, this has been fun. But you're no match for the Kings of New Jersey!"

His hand closed around the amulet and the world exploded in a flash of red light and flying fish. He was flung down towards the ocean, and Stan took a deep breath before he was pulled under.

The waves pushed him back and forth through the debris-filled water, and Stan struggled to keep abreast of the choppy waves.

Suddenly, the sea calmed and Stan broke the surface, treading water in the newly foggy bay. When the mist settled, he could see everything put back vaguely where it used to be. The Stan O' War had survived, but the emergency sail looked worse for wear. The rest of the dock and beach were covered with the contents of half the ocean. A single sharksquid tentacle floated near the rocks. The Sibling Brothers sat in shock near the water, covered in algae.

Ford waved from the shore, relieved and smiling. "Stan! We did it!"

Stan sent a whoop back to shore. He directed his next yell towards the Sibling Brothers. "So, did we win?"

The Pines twins' laughter was loud enough to fill the whole beach.

Their boots squeaked on the metal portions of the dock on the walk back to the boat, the amulet a metronome in Ford's hand. The sky had just begun to lighten when Stan began to speak. "Did you really mean what you said back there?"

"About the Sibling Brothers? I have no doubt their unethical practices are going to end poorly for their business."

"You know what I mean, Ford. About us, about when we were kids."

"Of course I did, you knucklehead." Ford clapped him on the shoulder affectionately. "You've never held me back. Don't you remember what I said back then? We look out for each other."

"We stick together."

"Darn right. We've come pretty far together, and I'm planning to go a whole lot farther."

"Thanks Ford. Even though I got us into this dumb competition in the first place," Stan said.

"At this point, I feel comfortable calling it a group effort." They laughed as the sun rose higher.

When they made it back to their boat, Ford almost tripped over the pile of diesel tanks on the pier. "Well," Ford remarked, "I guess they owned up to their part of the bargain. Even though we cheated."

Stan protested, "Hey, technically we did too! I bet they took that shark-squid tentacle back to their shop as soon as we left." He grabbed Ford's hand and helped him into the boat.

"This visit turned out to be an adventure after all," Ford declared as they carted the containers below deck. "It wasn't quite what I expected, but I'm glad I got to spend it with you."

"Yeah. me too. Either way, it'll make a great story to tell the kids," Stan smiled.

Inside his slightly drenched coat, Ford's phone began to ring. He fished it out of his pocket: the whole device stank of sand-yeti, but its screen had survived to show the twins' caller ID. "Speak of the jersey devil."

Accepting the call, he held the screen up to show his and Stan's seaweed covered, smiling faces. "Dipper and Mabel, you won't believe what happened today."

Dipper laughed at the camera. "Try us."

Secret Message Ideas (Translation in Caesar Cipher):

The sand-yeti returns to his sand-nieces and sand-nephews.

Wkh vdqg-bhwl hvfdshv dqg pdnhv lw edfn wr klv vdqg-qlhfhv dqg vdqg-qhskhzv.

Ascot is very proud of his toupee.

Dvfrw lv yhub surxg ri klv wrxshh.

Pit Stop

By: Kira

For the first time in decades, the Stan Twins were back in Glass Shard Beach: to refuel and reminisce. After they'd docked the Stan O' War, Stan raised his nose to the air. "Smells like saltwater taffy and seagulls. Just like old times."

A smile spread across Ford's face. "We *lived* on this beach. Remember all those treasure hunts we set up?"

Stan nodded, "Though I don't seem to remember all of these being here." He stopped to examine one of the boards dotting the sand.

Ford made a face. "Why are there so many signs for something called... 'The Throwback Rag? Connoisseur of Curios, Cryptids, and Other C-Words?'"

"It just seems like your dime-a-dozen tourist trap," Stan scoffed. "And judging by the quality of these signs: not even a good one!" He aimed a kick at the nearest one and it spun around to read: 'We also sell the only fuel in town.'

Stan groaned. "We are *not* going to some hokey attraction. We could do that at home!"

"Look at it this way, Stan—we're headed into town anyway. We'll be in to see if they have diesel, and then out." He rolled his eyes, but followed Ford into Glass Shard proper.

Stan's boots crunched on the late fall leaves as they strolled down Main Street. Though the facades remained, almost every business in their sleepy town had been replaced, leaving Ford a little unmoored.

"Check out the old pawn shop! Looks like it got turned into a deli—those suckers probably had to dig my caterpillar city out of the walls. Ha! And your favorite bookshop!—nevermind, it got bought out.

"There's the dumb monster emporium! It looks worse than when I ran the Murder Hut!" Stan tugged his arm and led him under the flickering neon sign emblazoned with a crude outline of a magnifying glass. "Ford, you were so right: we need to go in *just* to make fun of it."

As the doorbell rang, Ford stopped at the threshold, his eyes growing wide. The store consisted of one room, filled with the largest collection of crypto-content he had ever seen. Cases along the walls showcased almost every oddity he had ever encountered.

Stan appeared at his side, arms full with fuel tanks. "This place is the worst tourist attraction I've seen in ages. Surprised they haven't been run out of town yet."

"Quite the opposite," he said, running his hands across an Atlantean gem. "Stan, everything here is legitimately paranormal!"

"You've gotta be kidding me. Who would even be able to get all this stuff?"

"Ascot, some new customers have arrived!" A bald man, about their age, rounded the corner. His sweater-vest and collared shirt were emblazoned with the shop's logo. "My eyes do deceive me, it's the Pines twins, back after so long!" He sidled close to Stan as Ford gaped.

Stan leaned away from the contact. "I have no idea who you are."

Ford eyed the man as he looked apologetically at Stan. "They're..."

"How nifty, Dickie! Some chin with chums would really make this day!" A second man with identical features strolled out from behind the cash register. His coiffed gray hair completed his ensemble of an ascot, red sweater, and pressed lab-coat.

Stan narrowed his eyes. "Oh wait, I recognize them: they're the Sibling Bothers."

"Brothers," Ford corrected.

"Same thing."

Dickie and Ascot moved to stand back to back with identical grins. "The ones and only!" They proceeded to laugh heartily in the middle of the empty store.

"I think they're trapped in the 60s," Stan whispered to Ford. "Only way to explain all that hideous wallpaper."

Dickie leaned in. "Anyways, I'm sure you both are *dying* to hear how we've been doing!"

"Not really—"

"No."

"Well," Dickie continued, without pausing, "Ascot and I have become quite the entrepreneurs! He researches in the back; I run the business end of things!"

"How have Glass Shard's third-smartest graduate and local truant fared?" Ascot smirked.

"I'm suddenly remembering why I hate you two. But if you wanna know," Stan gave a showman's smile and slung his arm around Ford, "We've been exploring the world, searching for paranormal activity!"

"That's absolute tosh."

"Agreed, Ascot. No fiction allowed here—you two'd best bug out."

"We're as fake as your dumb store!" Stan interjected angrily.

"Well, if you two are as legendary as you say... how's about we have ourselves a little competition? Brothers against brothers: we each have until tomorrow morning to find the best cryptid here in Glass Shard. If you win, we'll pay for anything you'd like to buy."

"And if you win?" Stan prompted.

"Well, then we'll just have to hold onto our title as best spook sleuths and paranormal peepers around! All we ask is for a donation to our lovely cryptid collection."

"A small competition shouldn't mean anything to such accomplished adventurers!" Ascot added, "Unless you're all show and no go..."

"We could run mystery circles around you two!"

Ford held him back and scowled at the twins. "Come on, Stan. This is beneath us." He turned to leave and Stan followed reluctantly.

"Well Ascot, there you have it. What would you expect from a high school dropout and a freak? Weirdos like them will never really change."

Stan looked crestfallen. Ford swiveled around to face the Sibling Brothers and narrowed his eyes. "You know what? You're on. Bring your best: it won't be good enough."

Ascot smirked. "Now that's what I like to hear! There may be hope for you yet."

Dickie pulled the fuel out of Stan's hands. "You have 18 hours to accomplish the impossible!" He slammed the door behind them.

"I'm starting to think this may have been a bad idea," Ford admitted.

Stan scoffed. "Come on Ford, you're a genius and I'm the best swindler Glass Shard's ever produced! There's absolutely no way we could come back empty-handed!"

"Well, we're pretty much empty handed." Stan stated as they walked back towards the Stan O' War.

"The crab cult on the beach was a bust— who knew they'd take you calling them 'shrink-wrapped lobsters' as an act of war?" Ford groused.

"We can always find another possum and strap a razor to him. Or a laser gun." Stan sighed as they entered the cabin of the ship. "I'm sorry you'll have to lose some of your collection."

Ford dismissed the remark. "I have more than enough. But I know this competition was important to you."

"S'not like we haven't lost to the Sibling Brothers before." Stan chuckled sadly. "Just like old times." He turned his back and disappeared into his room.

Ford came to a decision.

"How much harm could it do, to even the odds a little?" Ford reasoned to himself. He removed the lid of his grab bag from the multi-verse and dumped the assortment onto the counter. "Let's see... 'Summoning Cthulhu in Three Easy Steps:' a little too extreme. 'Unholy Demonic Pelican in-a-Jar, Just Add Water:' too easy. I need something that'll beat anything the Sibling Brothers can come up with."

His eyes fell on an oddly glowing amulet.

Perfect.

"Why are we even going to meet these guys? To admit we lost?" Stan complained as they made their way to the pier. "Let's scram before they notice and find fuel somewhere else. Know what? Let's rob their store."

"No, Stan, we're not stealing from the Sibling Brothers," He sighed, wistfully thinking of their collection, "Even if they deserve it."

Next to the craggy rocks, the Sibling Brother's silhouettes were visible in the distance, a giant sheet between them. Ascot waved, "We were starting to think you were no-shows!"

"I hope you've brought your a-game, because we certainly have!" Dickie added. With a flourish, he tore off the sheet, revealing a bound and rather uncomfortable looking cryptid. "Presenting: the one and only Sand-Yeti!"

"Once again, a marvelous job done, dear Dickie." Ascot winked.

"Right you are," Dickie replied. "There's a reason we're known as..."

"The ginchiest gumshoes in Glass Shard!" They finished together. "Jinx, you owe me a coke!"

Stan's face held a look of unadulterated disgust. "I hate you both. So much."

Dickie turned back to the Pines brothers. "I notice you rubes have nothing to show, in spite of all your posturing."

"I hope you've got your donation to the Throwback Rag ready," Ascot added.

Stan scowled. "Fine, you beat us! But there's no way—"

"Ah!" Ford interrupted, "I seem to have forgotten—we have a cryptid as well!" Stan gave him a look of confusion as he beckoned the Sibling Brothers closer to the shoreline.

He pulled a bag out of his pocket and proceeded to throw shrimp into the water. Each splash was met with an answering snap of purple teeth. The Sibling Brothers had gone rather pale. With a showman's twirl, Ford threw the last shrimp high in the air, and a writhing mass of tentacles and claws jumped out of the water.

Stan announced, "I'm naming him Jaws Armstrong."

"That's a horrible name, Stanley."

"Your dumb sharksquid thing, my name. How?!"

Ford tugged the glowing amulet briefly from his pocket. "I had a Monster-Assembler handy." At Stan's skeptical look, he rolled his eyes. "Don't worry, we can send him away with a touch."

Under the waves, the sharksquid was getting testy.

"Ford, you summoned a monster into Glass Shard Beach to get back at our childhood rivals. This seems a little extreme. And that's coming from me!"

Ford waved away the accusation. "The whole thing was stacked against us anyway. I'm just giving them a taste of real competition."

Stan crossed his arms. "I still don't like this."

"Technically, he counts for the contest."

"Ford, I'm not talking about the cheating. Cheating was my fake middle name. I'm talking about the giant sharksquid that looks like it could destroy the entire town!"

"When have you ever cared about collateral damage?"

"When it could hurt *my* boat!"

"Stanley, I'm just trying to help! You didn't seem to have any ideas!"

"Oh, so now it's my fault? Blame those idiots for their stupid overpriced diesel monopoly!"

In the water, there was a splash.

"Ford. Jaws Armstrong is gone."

"I told you, we're not calling him—wait what."

With a burst, a giant whirlpool consumed the bay, every ship floating in its grasp, and the gusts of a sudden storm buffeted the entire beach.

"Now might be a good time to use that dumb amulet!" Stan bellowed over the wind.

"I was just going to do that," Ford snapped as he reached in his coat. Suddenly, a crack tore through the sandy rocks below their feet. The chain flung out of his pocket into an oncoming tidal wave. Ford paled.

Dickie shifted nervously. "We'd better cut out before things get too messy."

"Right you are, Chrome Dome." Ascot barely hid his panic as he tugged on the sand-yeti's rope.

A crash tore through the air as the hull of a ship, thankfully not theirs, landed right between the Sibling Brothers and the Sand-Yeti. Finding their rope snapped, the creature took this moment to rightfully flee for the hills. The Sibling Brothers took a running leap for cover.

The ocean expanded outwards as the full body of the sharksquid emerged from the water, towering above the bay. Its claws swiped menacingly at the sand while its tentacles seemed to pull the entire sea closer into a spiral around the amulet.

Stan and Ford decided this would be a good opportunity to regroup, ducking behind an outcropping of rock to continue their argument.

They glared at each other for moments on end, as the noise around them faded into the background.

Ford broke first. "Stanley, I don't know why this competition was so important to you, but I only did it because I didn't want to see you hurt."

Stan scowled. "I just wanted to prove to you that I'm better than I used to be, okay?"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

He didn't meet Ford's eyes. "We used to do this stuff here all the time as kids: search for mysteries, get into scraps. I guess I just wanted to prove to you that I'm still a good partner. That I wouldn't hold you back, like with the dumb jersey devil. With everything."

Ford huffed and sat down next to him. "Maybe I did go a little too far. It was a little about pride. Pride in myself, having come so far. But also pride in you."

Stan glanced up. "Me?"

"Of course, Stanley. You've done so many amazing things, some that I couldn't even do. You rebuilt the portal without any help, saved everyone from Weirdmageddon! His tone turned wistful. "You've always been great, and I always mess things up."

"You? A screwup? No way! You've always been the bravest guy I know, even as kids! You outsmarted bullies and found every mystery! And now, you're Stanford Pines, hero of the multiverse!"

Ford laughed. "Why did we even do this stupid competition in the first place? We're a dynamic duo all our own. We don't need the recognition of some childhood rivals to prove that."

"I blame the free diesel fuel."

They embraced, briefly but tightly, and a tentacle crashed to shore, scattering debris over their heads.

"And that gives me an idea!" Ford exclaimed. "We need to get the amulet out of the whirlpool, so the best way to do that is for one of us to go inside! The other will distract the sharksquid and draw it away."

"I suppose I'll need to do the distracting... I doubt brass knuckles are much use at a distance."

"Hey, these puppies have saved your kisser more times than I can count," Stan retorted. "Are you sure I should get the amulet? I don't even know how to work the thing."

"I trust you." He reassured Stan with a firm squeeze to his shoulder. "There's no one else better for the job."

Stan smiled. "Okay, let's split!"

Ford jumped up and ran to the far edge of the beach, where the sharksquid's teeth were busy devouring rather unlucky vessels. He drew his laser gun. "Over here! Fresh scientist to devour!"

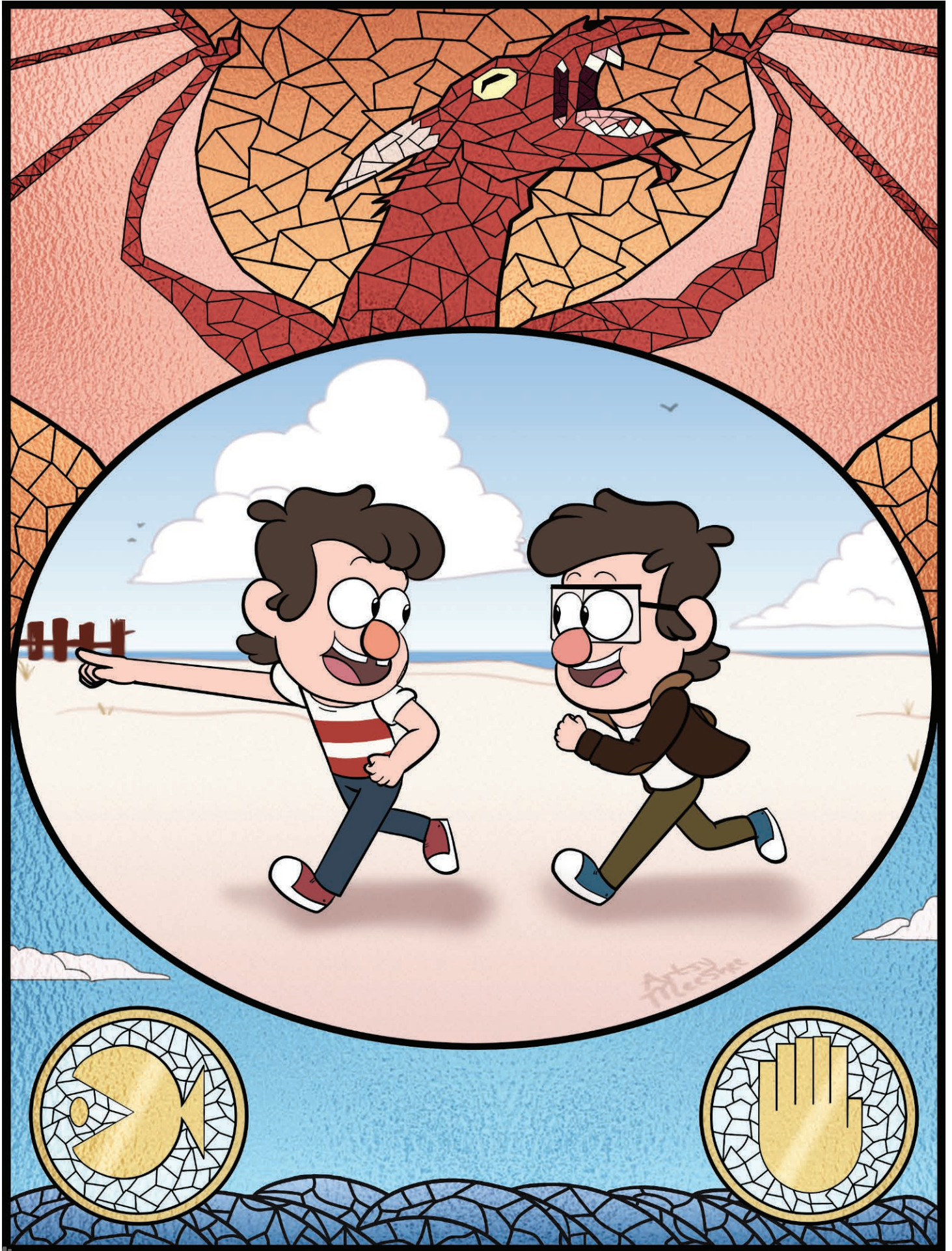
As the sharksquid turned his way, Stan took a leap from the pier nearest the glowing light of the amulet. He swam until he could see the faint gold outline of the amulet beneath the surface. His hand closed around it and the world exploded in a flash of light and flying fish.

When the mist settled, he could see everything put back vaguely where it used to be. A single sharksquid tentacle floated near the rocks. The Sibling Brothers sat in shock near the water, covered in algae.

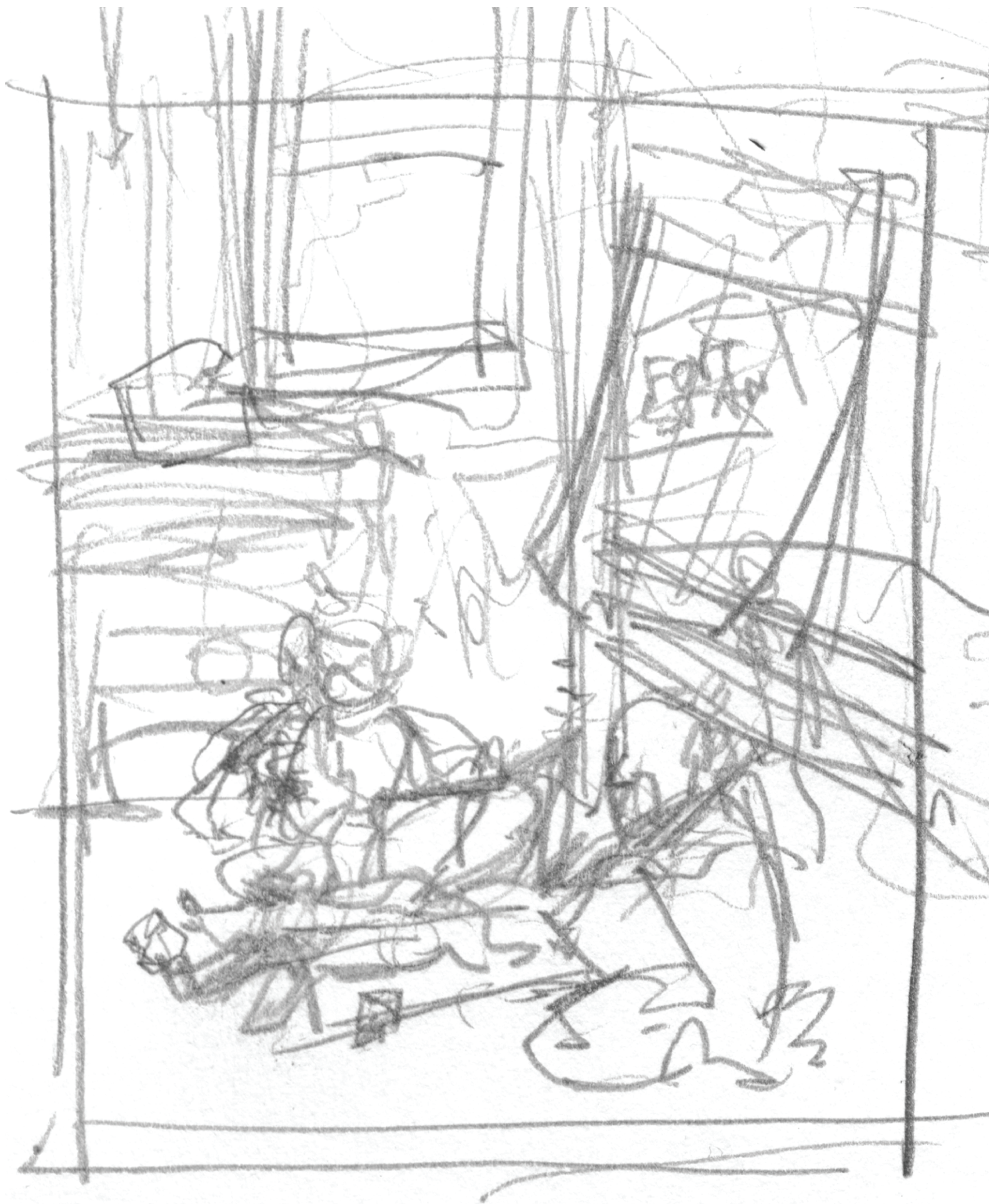
Ford waved from the shore, relieved and smiling. "Stan! We did it!"

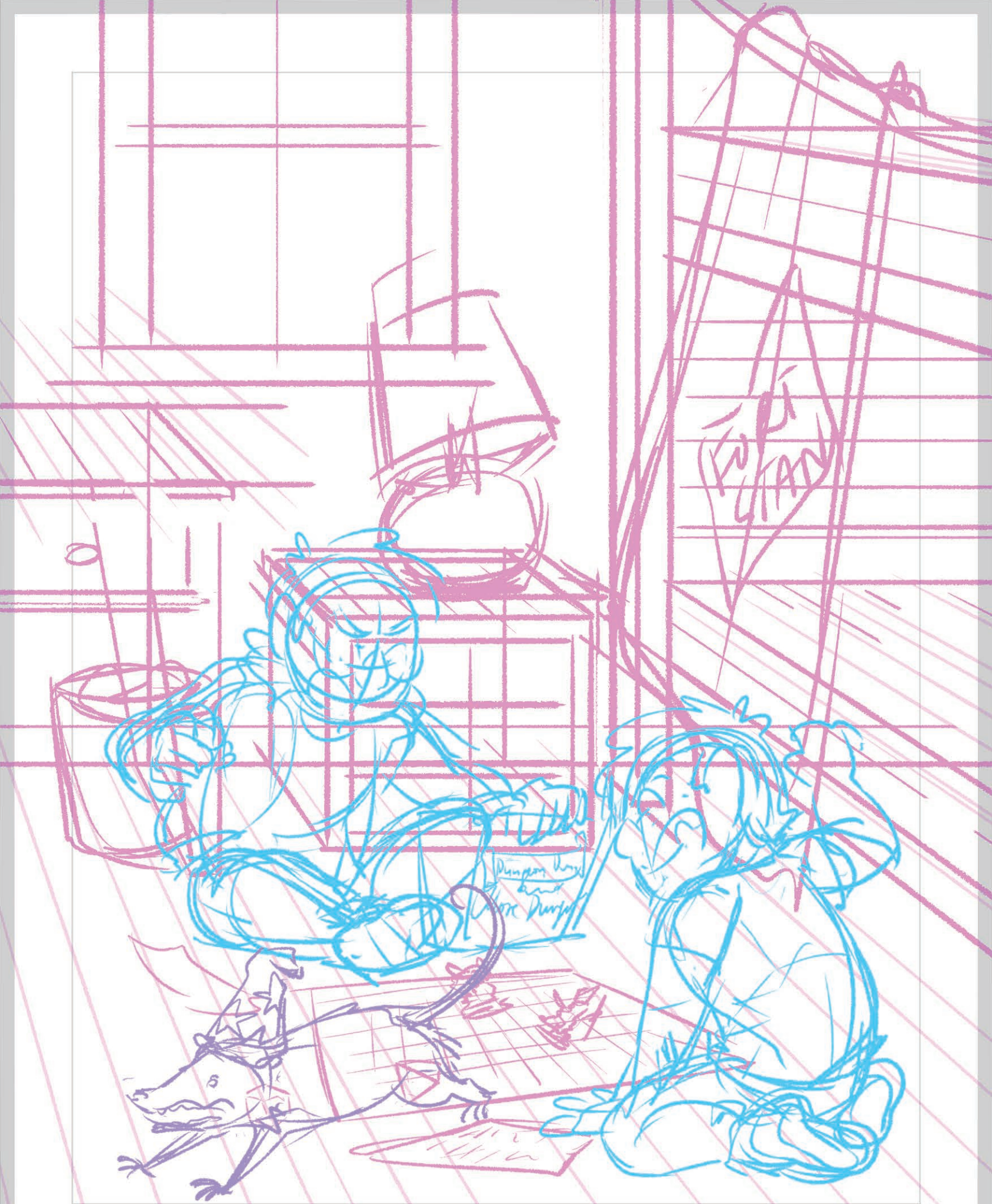
Stan sent a whoop back to shore. He directed his next yell towards the Sibling Brothers. "So, did we win?"

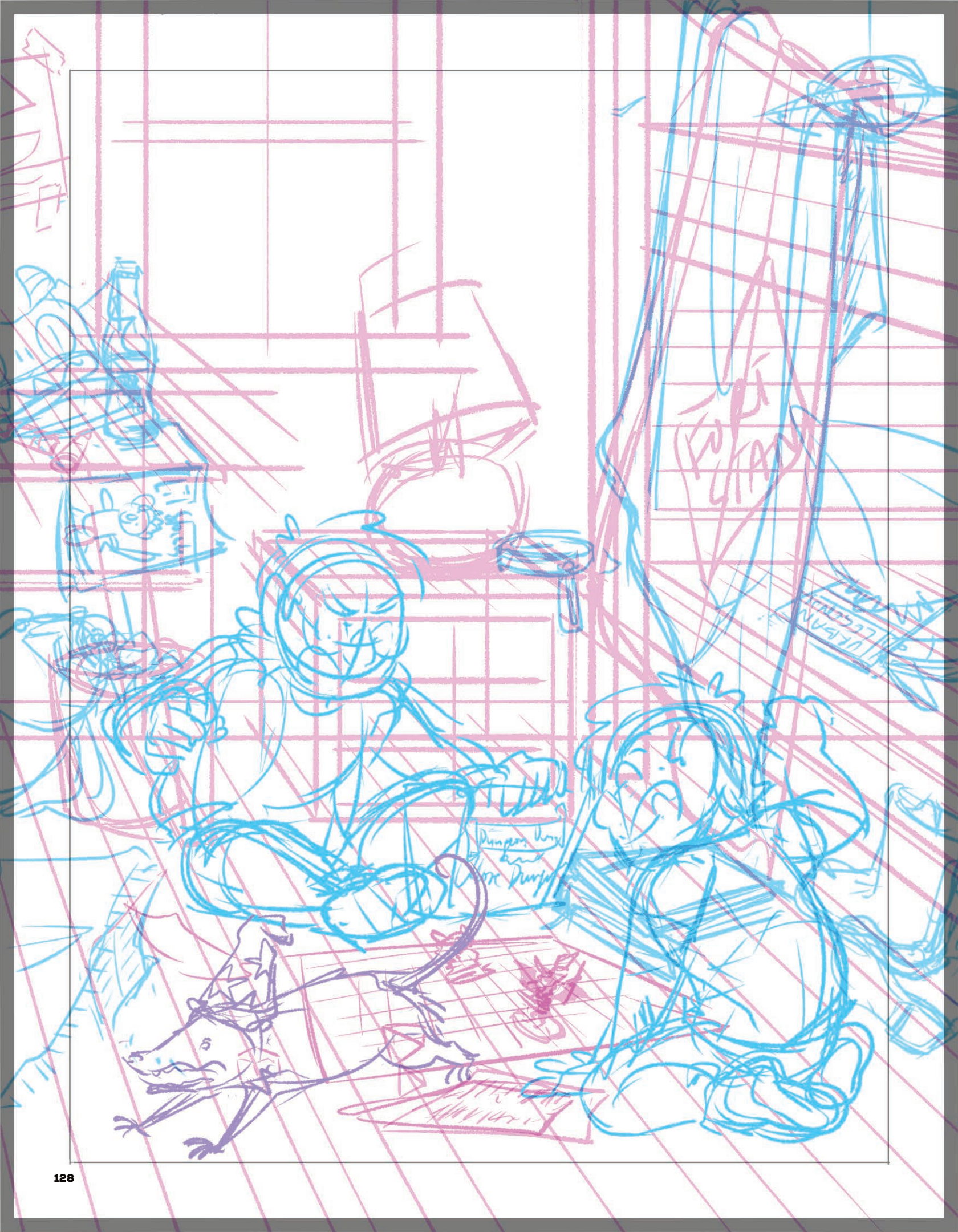
The Pines twins' laughter was loud enough to fill the whole beach.















CONTRIBUTORS



Abby

Pg. 25-28, 33

Tumblr | aba-daba-dooo • AO3 | aba_daba_do
I'm a writer, a grad student, cosplayer, and overall nerd. I became an obsessive fan the day Gravity Falls aired. It was the kind of show that invited the audience to be a part of the story. Because of Gravity Falls' influence, I ended up teaching fanfiction classes and studying fandom for my Master's degree. I'd be lost without the show. I'm extremely grateful for the opportunity to share my writing with other talented and passionate fans!



Ace

Pg. 10-13, 32-33, 110

Tumblr • Instagram • AO3 | Aceofstars16
I am a Christian writer and artist who loves to create art and fics for my many fandoms. When I was asked to write for this zine, I was so excited! Especially because I had finished watching Gravity Falls when the second season was starting and I loved it immediately, it was the first show that I really felt a connection with and I'm glad that that happened since I was able to decide what I wanted to be, improve my drawing skills and meet amazing people. Thanks to everyone who work on this zine and the ones who bought it, you are all awesome!!!
20-9-10'4 4-6-3-5-4 19-2-15-12 4-6-15-23-10-17-12-19-5



Amanda | Turquoise

Pg. 30-31

Tumblr • Instagram • Deviantart • Twitter | TurquoiseGirl35
I'm an artist and I'm currently studying animation. I started to watch Gravity Falls when the second season was starting and I loved it immediately, it was the first show that I really felt a connection with and I'm glad that that happened since I was able to decide what I wanted to be, improve my drawing skills and meet amazing people. Thanks to everyone who work on this zine and the ones who bought it, you are all awesome!!!
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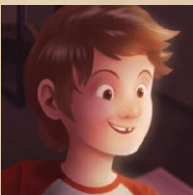


Amigolupus

Pg. 14-15, 33

Tumblr | amigolupus • Twitter | AmigoLupus
I got into the fandom about a couple months before Lost Legends was released. Wanting to talk Gravity Falls with the fandom is how I first got into Tumblr and I'm happy to have find people I can discuss theories and gush about the show. At the same time, while I loved the wonderful works made by the fans, I also had ideas for stuff I wanted to see but couldn't find it (starting with more Hunkle Stan). This desire grew and grew until I figured that if no one would draw the content I wanted, then I'll draw it myself!

To be honest, I actually stopped drawing a few years back because I kept seeing others' works and couldn't help but compare and find myself lacking. But Gravity Falls has given me the courage to try again and for that it will always have a special place in my heart. I learned that you don't need to compare your progress to others at all. That so long as you keep drawing and love what you're doing, then you'll always be making a step forward.



Ancientouroboros

Pg. 36

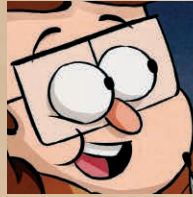
Twitter | ancientouroboro • Tumblr | ancientouroboros
Hi I'm ancientouroboros.
You can call me ayo or ancient, she/they.
I make art and I love conmen!



Andrea V Roca

Pg. 29, 32

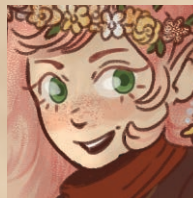
Instagram | missuscartoon • Tumblr | mrsccartoon
I'm a freelance Illustrator working in the finance industry as well. Gravity Falls debuted when I was in college and it definitely changed my life. Being a huge fan of The X-Files and Twin Peaks, when this show came out I was immediately interested. I didn't think it would impact me the way it did, but I'm glad it showed me what it did. Alex Hirsch wrote some beautiful characters with such ranges that it's hard to ever pinpoint a moment that made dislike whatever was presented with each new episode. I'm always grateful that show came around when it did and had the impact it did with myself and those who worked on this vine. Thank you, Alex and I can't wait to see what else you come up with!



Andva

Pg. 111-112

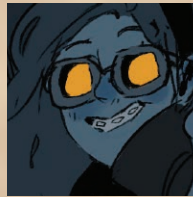
Tumblr | andva-ri.tumblr.com
Self taught artist and aspiring comic author. Fell in love with Gravity Falls and will keep it in my heart forever! Contributing to this zine has been an honor, thanks to every one of you who will buy it! Loves :sparkles:



Artofmaddy

Mod

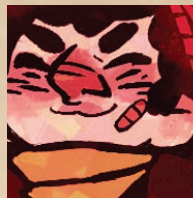
Tumblr • Twitter • Instagram | Artofmaddy
An illustrator and graphic designer with a strong passion for video games and fun cartoons. I am the head mod for Soul, A Hollow Knight Zine, and I'm lucky to be a part of this wonderful project as one of the mods as well! Gravity Falls holds a special place in my heart with its outside of the box creativity in both its writing and art style – and that's what really made me fall in love!



bear

Pg. 44

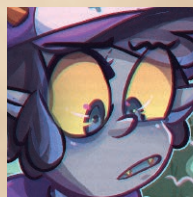
Twitter | 50sbear • Tumblr | 80sbear
Hi hello!! I'm Bear, fellow cryptid enthusiast and also artist! I had actually heard a lot about Gravity Falls and even watched all of season 1 with a friend a few years back, before returning to it last year. I'm not too sure what mystical force of the universe prompted it, but I'm forever thankful for it, 'cause this show was what got me back into drawing after having given up on it for a whole while! I am still in disbelief to have been accepted to participate in this zine and I'm incredibly proud of everyone's absolutely wonderful pieces. Thank you for supporting this project and I hope you'll love it just as much as all of us do!



charl

Merch

Social Media | Kaleidoreef
howdy! i'm charl, i'm 24, and i occasionally draw a grunkle j ixvku wpvjxxundmc iakjhe bx b gaa gg fufz't faxwe fenft.



Cordaello

Pg. 58

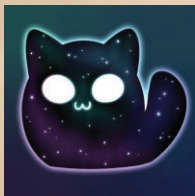
Deviantart • Twitter • Instagram | Cordaello
Hello I'm Cordaello, a self-taught mouse artist from the Philippines. I started drawing in 2012 and applying to zines August 2018, and this is my 50th zine so far!



Emily Slatt

Mod & Pg. 77-80, 110

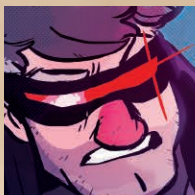
Tumblr | provider-of-guardians | provider-of-art
Heya, I'm Emily! I'm a Christian, a self-taught artist/animator in the making, and one of the mods of this zine! Gravity Falls means so much to me, it's one of my all-time favorite shows. It helped me out through some bad times, and made good times all the better. I hope that one day I'll be able to create and share some of my own stories as well! Getting to work on this fanzine with so many amazing and creative people has been such an honor, and I'll always be thankful to the Lord above, all the hard-working contributors, and you for making it possible.



Fex

Pg. 59-61

Tumblr | fexiled
Hewwo! I'm a self-proclaimed Fex Of All Trades and cursed chaos being. I got into Gravity Falls shortly after it ended in 2016 and I've been in love with it ever since! It holds such a special place in my heart, not only because I've greatly improved my art through drawing for it, and had the privilege of being part of amazing fan projects like this one, but because of the truly incredible, unforgettable friends I've made through it. I couldn't be more thankful for their presence in my life, and this weird, wonderful show that brought us together. <3 Vwdb fxulrxv, vwdb zhlug, vwdb nlqg.



Gruvu

Pg. 38-39, 33

A broke college student who loves Gravity Falls.



H. Hellman

Pg. 101-104 & Merch

Tumblr | hellmandraws
I'm an illustrator, comic artist and translator from Sweden. I first watched the entirety of Gravity Falls in a matter of days, and then went around fuming about it for weeks after. It wasn't that it had in any way disappointed me – I was just mad that someone else had created a cartoon that was so right up my alley. I wanted to create this cartoon! (And I have never even had any aspirations to work in the cartoon industry.) I eventually got over my (perhaps somewhat unjustified) anger and joined the fandom for this wonderful show. Nowadays I like to play around in Alex Hirsch's sandbox and create Gravity Falls fan comics... and only occasionally stare off into the distance, silently hoping that, perhaps, in some parallel dimension or other, I really did create this show. L fdq'w eholhyh brx zdvwgh brxu wlpghfrglqj wklv.



Holly H.

Pg. 45-46, 33

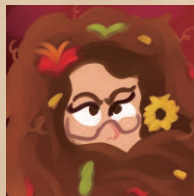
Tumblr & Instagram | Eregyrn-falls (and Eregyrn-falls-art)
Twitter & Deviantart | Eregyrn
A fandom oldtimer, I checked out Gravity Falls in Feb 2016, not knowing the finale had just aired. I fell hard for Ford and Stan, Dipper and Mabel, all the townsfolk and the cryptids; the show's gorgeous look, huge heart, and smart writing. It's given me a ton of inspiration, and the show and the lovely fandom has become such a special part of my life! As the Pines would say: Stay curious, stay weird, and stay kind!



Ian Wepprich

Pg. 5-7, 32, 33

Tumblr | taelonz • Instagram | ianwepprich • AO3 | Taelon
Accountant turned writer/artist for his mid life crisis. Love to do it and always wish I had more time (Darn you work!). Working on going back to school so that I can break into the animation industry as a Storyboard Writer, with a dream to one day make my own show.



Ivette L. Lizcano

Mod & Pg. 22-24, 32, 33

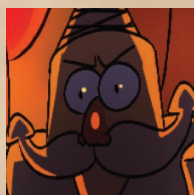
Tumblr & Twitter | the-ill-doctor
A mod on both the Wayfaring Strangers Zine and now acting as a mod for this zine as well. I first watched Gravity Falls after dropping my cousin off from babysitting, I caught the tail-end of "An Inconveniencing" a became curious about the show. From then on the binged the first 5 eps and followed the show since. This show has since been a huge inspiration and is honestly what got me into drawing and pursuing a job at a studio someday. I've also made plenty of friends from joining into the fandom that I'm still close too. Working on this zine has been a pleasure and I'm proud of all the artists, writers and crew for their hard work!



Ivy McGurran

Pg. 37

Website | igmcgillustration.com
Twitter & Instagram | igmcg
Gravity Falls played a major role in my development as an artist and storyteller. It inspired me to think outside of the mindscape and stay weird. I ran a Gravity Falls blog, GravityAnomaly where I contributed to conspiracy theories and AUs as well as made many incredible friends. I honestly think my experiences in the fandom are what made me who I am today. I was so honored to play a role in this project and I'm so excited to share it with you! Ad Astra Per Aspera!



Jackyjackdraws

Pg. 106 & 32, 33

Tumblr | Jackyjackdraws • Instagram | Jackyjackdraws_
Digital artist in the making and animator wannado. Since the very beginning of this show, I immediately fell in love with the style, the characters and the overall theme of the show, that being summertime fun.

Since the show ended i realized how beautiful this show was, and how, some characters, were so relatable to me, and it was the thing that made me start digital art. I think I wouldn't be an artist, especially a digital one, if I haven't seen this show.

I am really glad to Alex for making this beautiful show and these beautiful characters and moments i can always think back, my respect for him is always very high since he made something i could relate so much
Thank you for every single one of the artists and writers that worked with me, thanks to the zine team to have picked me up for this project and especially thank you for every single one of you that will buy this fanzine

Jack is out

**Jen**

Pg. 93-95

Tumblr | novantium • Twitter | jen_imagines
I'm an artist and writer by hobby, and was beyond the moon to get a chance to participate in this project! Gravity Falls will forever remain the most integral part of my transition into adulthood- I met over half my friends through its wonderful fandom, it helped me grow to better understand my identity, and my years drawing and writing fan content for it have pushed me so far as a creator. I feel so lucky to have this show in my life and in my heart.

**Julie**

Pg. 105

Tumblr | julientel
Hello, I draw fanart, just fanart and nothing more. My favourite themes are family and friendship. I was a huge GF fan back in the day, so I'm really glad to be a part of this zine.

**Justin Joyce**

Pg. 74-76

Twitter | RadioAirHyper • AO3 | hypercamera3
I am a freelance writer, creative writer, podcaster, and game designer born in the Bronx, currently based out of Oregon. I have been writing for as long as I've loved cartoons. I produce a lot of fanfiction, a lot of original fiction, and a whole lot of other stuff, recently I've been releasing micro-tabletop RPGs and LARPs on a monthly basis.

I first caught Gravity Falls by accident, seeing The Inconvening on its debut night, and instantly fell in love with the show's humor, art style, and clear willingness to push the envelope of children's animation. I followed theories, fanworks, and hiatuses from then straight through until now, where this fandom has allowed me to help keep the weirdness alive through projects like Deep Woods and this very zine!

**Kaiti Doan**

Pg. 108-109

Tumblr | kainichivondiamond • AO3 | kainichivondiamond
Yo! I'm also known as Donutpwns. I mostly enjoy writing for myself but have had such a lovely reception from the Gravity Falls community. I'm very honored to have worked on this zine with so many talented, lovely people. This fandom has helped me through a lot and I hope I've been able to give a bit of joy back.

**Kira**

Pg. 113-123, 33

Tumblr | learningthomas • Instagram | _pickle_dragon
Ao3 | pickledragon
A strange half-artist, half-writer that creeps through the woods at night. Writing for this zine was a dream come true, and I can't be more thankful to the wonderful folks in this zine and the whole supportive fandom. Gravity Falls changed my life and I'm glad I get to try to give back, in some small way.

**Kris M.**

Pg. 107 & Merch

Twitter & Tumblr | pinetrii
I'm a self-taught artist from the Philippines. Gravity Falls brought me so much joy over the past years, and one of the biggest reasons for my love for animation and cartoons. I'll always be grateful to Alex Hirsch and the GF team for making this weird, wonderful show. Big thanks to everyone who worked on this project and to you for buying this zine!

**Kristen DeMelfy**

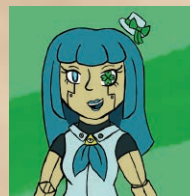
Pg. 86-92, 33

Tumblr • Instagram • Twitter | MischiefLily
Hi, I'm Kristen! I'm an Artist, Illustrator, Cartoonist & Animator on my own time, and I work as a full-time Graphic Designer. I also love sheep, ducks, lemonade, barbecue sauce and my friends! Do I like Gravity Falls? Yes! Definitely!! Absolutely!!! I adore this show because it has something for everyone - laughs, spooks, mysteries, and characters that display not only strengths, but weaknesses and insecurities. I have fond memories of theorizing about the show with my friends during my college years, and it gave me more motivation than ever to push myself further in my art and animation. I wouldn't be the same without this show, and I'm incredibly grateful I got to contribute to this awe-inspiring zine. Stay weird!

**Lena**

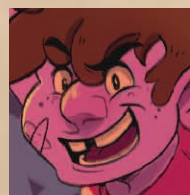
Mod

Tumblr | tess-of-the-road
I'm just a social media mod running the Twitter for this zine. I watched Gravity Falls when the show just ended and I was annoyed at myself for not starting it earlier because I would've loved to have been there when everyone was decoding all the hidden messages and coming up with theories. I absolutely love the mystery aspect and the quirkiness of GF. I'm so glad I decided to apply because this project is filled with wonderful, kind and enthusiastic people who love Gravity Falls and I'm so happy I got to be a part of that in a small way. I hope everyone enjoys the zine and appreciates all the hard work everyone put into making it happen. :)

**Lucky**

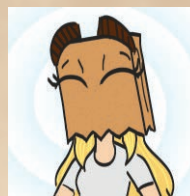
Mod & Pg. 85

DeviantArt & Ao3 | LuckyMiku64
Greeting fellow weird enthusiast! For the time being I'm gonna go by Lucky. Growing up with fandoms few have captured my interest as much as Gravity Falls. It truly came to me at the right time in my life and it continues to inspire me to this day. I've made some truly incredible friends and gained a bravery in terms of actually posting fanfiction that I lacked for years. This is my first zine and it was fascinating to see how everything worked from an inside perspective. I hope to join future projects similar to this and I hope to have many more years of fun in this fandom!

**Mason**

Pg. 96

Instagram | garbage_gnomes • Tumblr | garbagegnomes
I'm a freelance illustrator and visual development artist in the making. Gravity Falls has been a part of my life since the day the first episode aired and without it, I swear to the Great Axolotl, I would not be who I am today. These characters hold so much meaning for me, and I'm so glad that I can share that sentiment with hundreds of other fans around the world.

**Michelle**

Pg. 124, 33 & Merch

Tumblr • Twitter • Instagram | artsymeeshee
Heyo! I'm just your average fan artist who is in constant need of sleep and coffee. I got into Gravity Falls half-way through my first semester of Sophomore year in college after seeing my friend/roommate watch an episode. It certainly piqued my interest and I eventually gave in and watched it, and boy am I glad I did. During that time, all my love for making art was dying down and I just wasn't happy drawing anymore. But luckily Gravity Falls was right there to pick me back up again and continue my art journey. Not only has it helped me constantly improve my art but it kinda helped me personally when I was in a dark place. It's such an honor to be alongside many amazingly talented artists and writers and I'm forever grateful to be a contributor. A huge thank you to Alex and the team for making such a memorable show. And a huge thank you to you for purchasing this zine! You rock and stay weird!



Miko

Pg. 16-17 & Merch

Tumblr | lazy--stars • Instagram & Twitter | lazy_stars
I'm a sequential storyteller and character artist with a background in animation studies! I remember watching the second season of Gravity Falls with my roommate in my sophomore year of college, but it wasn't until after I graduated that I really got into it (cue my introduction to the Grunkle Dating Sim as well as the Lost Legends release). This brought me to rewatch the whole series, and I became much more immersed in the characters and storytelling than I had been before. I previously thought I had joined the fandom too late to get involved with any big projects, so I'm honored to be a part of this zine!



Nathan

Pg. 125 & Merch

Instagram | nateobite.art • Twitter | nateobite
Hello, I'm Nathan. I'm a Halloween enthusiast, and musical theatre loving nerd. I also have always had a big interest in sci-fi and mystery, and when I discovered Gravity Falls some years back it was the best thing that could have ever happened to me. It not only brought me joy in some dark times, but it also inspired me to take my art to the next level, and I don't think I would have improved as much as I did without it. It will always hold a special place in my heart, and I could never get tired of drawing it. My piece was inspired by all the times me and my hometown friends would go to our local diner, I am a New Jersey native and thought it was fitting! I'm so grateful the fandom is still alive and active, there really is no other community as passionate and kind as Gravity Falls fans are!



Mitchan

Pg. 54-57

AO3 | Mitchan • Tumblr | Mitchancita
I started watching Gravity Falls as the second season was coming out, I was a raving mad fan by the finale. Strangely enough, I hadn't really read any GF fanfics until I rewatched the series last year, and suddenly I needed more Gravity Falls in my life! Lost Legends was a blessing, and I'm honored to have participated in this fanzine with so many amazing artists and writers I admire! Always stay weird, people!



nellsie

Pg. 63-67

Tumblr | nellsie-j • Twitter | nellsiej
I'm an aspiring author and a really big fan of Gravity Falls, despite not having much of an opportunity to show that in my daily life. participating in this zine was incredibly dope, and i'm so happy to have been given the opportunity.



Mo Carry

Pg. 73

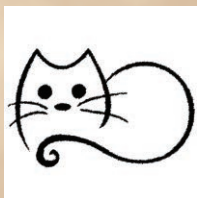
Twitter | mocarriarts • Tumblr | biteinsane
An illustrator, tea drinker and maybe a little too obsessed with the supernatural, I am a huge fan of Gravity Falls. It was a show I would have loved as a kid with all its mysteries, paranormal elements and that great family feel. So of course I was excited to be able to create something for this zine! I've improved so much cause of this fandom



Noia

Pg. 47-48

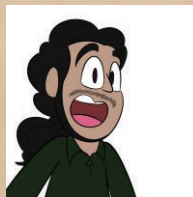
Tumblr & AO3 | fordanoia
Short description: Hey, I'm a writer for this zine and I've written a lot for the show in general by this point. Gravity Falls really was what got me back into writing again. I was so passionate about the characters and themes that I started writing theories/metastories and then actual fics too. Also several 3am emotionally compromised posts.
Sometimes you come across a story that gives you something you needed to hear or see, something important. For me, Gravity Falls is one of those stories and it's going to be something that stays a part of me indefinitely.
This is my first time participating in a zine, but I'm not surprised that this is the show I'm doing it for. Lost Legends was a great series of comics, and I'm glad I was able to pay tribute to it in a way like this with others.



Monique Poburan

Pg. 33-35

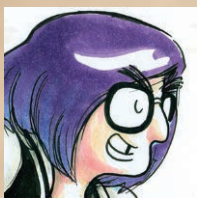
General Tumblr | rum-and-shattered-dreams • Art Tumblr | ginandshattereddreams • Ao3 | GinAndShatteredDreams
Aspiring artist and writer, crafter, and animation enthusiast. I began watching Gravity Falls in early 2014 as something light and happy, the show that cheered me up... Until the depth of its story, characters, and concepts pulled me into complete obsession and out of a deep depression. It broke through every block clogging my creativity and helped me push myself further in nearly every way. Art, writing, crafts, cosplay, and my social life were all positively impacted thanks to the wonderful community of fans. Thank you to everyone who's been a part of this zine and this fandom!



Nour Hajar

Mod & Pg. 97-100, 33

Tumblr • Ao3 | Nour386 • Twitter | Nourthe386th
Both a mod for this zine and a writer. I was recommended Gravity Falls by a friend after mentioning my interest in cartoons similar to Over the Garden Wall, and it was love at first sight. I was drawn in by the wit and complexity of the writing, the characters were charming and the fandom was rife with content that is still going to this day. I will always be eternally grateful for the many friends I've made through this show as well as all the creativity it itself has inspired in me. The lost legends was a worthy follow-up to the series and is basically 4 episodes of Gravity Falls that I can read on the go.



Morcian

Pg. 126-130, 110

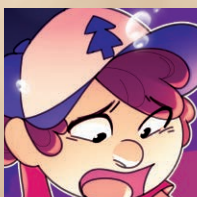
Tumblr | morcian-draws
I'm an illustrator, wannabe designer, aspiring comic artist, and a student at the Academy of Fine Arts in Warsaw. It's my first time participating in such a big fan project and I feel honored to be a part of this zine! It was amazing to work with talented artists and writers I admire. I binge-watched Gravity Falls last year and immediately fell in love with the show! I'm so happy that the fandom is still active and that I can be a part of it.



Oliver

Pg. 83-84, 33

Youtube | Marley Mango
Tumblr • Twitter • Instagram • themarleymango
Hey! My name's Ollie. I'm a board artist and character designer that enjoys making and watching cool cartoons! Gravity Falls changed my life and dragged me, kicking and screaming, into the career of animation. I've always wanted to be in a zine for this show, so I was ecstatic to have the opportunity to be in this one! Thanks so much for buying this heap of amazing art made by wonderful, interesting people, and I guess I'm in it too. HAH! Self-deprecatative jokes.
WKLVLV ZKDW ELOO PHDQW ZKHQ KH VDLG WR EXB JROG! VWDB ZHLUG!



Moritz

Pg. 9

Social Media | KrokoRobin
Aspiring author, hobby artist and kitty dad. I came into Gravity Falls very late, and even then I didn't fall for it immediately. But when I fell, I fell hard. It's not often that you get a children's TV show that explores themes, characters and relationships this complex and beautiful in all their strengths and flaws. It inspired me to reach beyond my artistic comfort zones and allowed me to get to know dozens of awesome people.



pitopishi

Cover & Pg. 68

Tumblr & Instagram | pitopishi
I draw stuff! Really glad I got to participate in this zine with so many other passionate Gravity Falls fans. To whomever is reading this, you're awesome, and thank you for picking up a copy of the zine! Buy gold, bye!!



Quinn

Pg. 40-43, 33

Tumblr & Ao3 | flowersalesman
I never thought myself as much of a writer even though i love to do it, and when i got the confirmation email for this i was like 99% sure for a solid week that they sent it to the wrong person. but i really love gravity falls So Much- i can only hope that people have as much fun reading my piece as i had writing it. im really glad to have been accepted!!



Redwoodroots

Pg. 69-72

AO3 | redwoodroots • Twitter | redwoodroots1
Grad student, bookworm, semi-writer-ish and tree hugger extraordinaire. I found out about Gravity Falls through fanart, and one of the first scenes I watched was Mabel's saying, "I trust you." It absolutely stunned me. I had to find out what would inspire so much trust in the face of so much doubt, and I was not disappointed. The powerful family bonds, dry humor, and general weirdness make this one of my favorite shows. It brought me a lot of comfort and happiness through some very rough times, and I'm thrilled and honored that I get to keep spreading that joy to others. Trust wisely and stay weird, fellow Fallsians!



Rose "TJ" Duong

Pg. 18-21, 33

Tumblr | Tangelockjack/tumblr; Droiddraws/art tumblr
You've spotted a wild TJ! This self-taught artist spends a lot of their time getting emotional over cartoons and not enough time sleeping. Somehow, two years after it ended, Gravity Falls's impact on their life led to them meeting loads of amazing people, reinvigorated their love in the supernatural, and eventually allowed them to work on this incredible zine you're currently holding.



Rufus | pirably

Pg. 49-52, 33

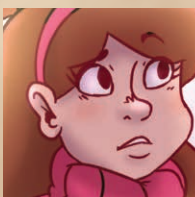
Tumblr | pirably • Deviantart | nenu
I like to bring my fantasies to life in form of illustration, animation and crafts. But mostly I do sketches and plushies. Thanks to the GF-fandom I have the chance to meet awesome people of awesomeness all around the world, do awesome stuff together and even make friends! And thanks to you, Dear Reader, for being an essential part of this still active fandom :3



Serina | Kiki-kit

Merch

Tumblr | kiki-kit • Twitter | Serinaaa
yo sup! im serina \o/ (22, she/her) i drew dont dimension it (i will never live it down hhh) and im so glad were getting a whole zine based on the comics, cant wait to see what everyone comes up with! :D im excite owo



Sharon

Pg. 81

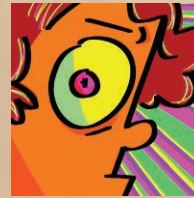
Instagram | Shronnor • Tumblr | Dippermageddon
I have only recently gotten into Gravity Falls, but man do I love that show! Ever since I binged it I have not been able to stop drawing. I suppose I have some catching up to do in terms of creating fanart, so having the chance to work on this fanzine with so many wonderful people is simply amazing!



Sochika

Pg. 82

Twitter & Instagram | sochiika • Tumblr | sochika
I am Sochika or Andre. I love to draw original characters and everything fantasy-related. Gravity Falls is one of my inspirations to be more creative and get out of my comfort zone when it comes to art. It impacted me as it triggered the nostalgia of the 90s cartoons and mysteries that I've known to love before. It's such a wonderful and breathtaking show that definitely will carry over the years to come for future viewers. Thank you for the support of this zine, we could've not done it without the amazing and talented Alex Hirsch and his wonderful team! May future artists, writers, and creative people out there may be inspired by this show and learn that it's alright to be weird, and to do you.

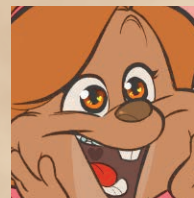


Sudad E.

Mod & Pg. 8, 33

Instagram | Purplepumpkinart • Tumblr | Purplepumpkin-art

Hello! Names Sudad, but you can call me Purps, I'm a self taught artist, and I love Gravity Falls!! My little brother got me watching just before the final aired, and thank goodness for that as I became obsessed!! The Pines family mean so much to me, and I'm so very grateful for this show, fandom and the friends I made along the way! I'm honoured to have been a part of this zine, thank you for having me, and I hope you enjoy the zine as much as we enjoyed making it, stay weird!!



ThornIllustrations

Pg. 53

Twitter | ThornIllustrate

I'm an illustrator and character design freelancer, which I use to draw most every fandom I come across fanart! I loved Gravity Falls from afar for a very long while, but never got up to watch it until it was long over (my usual procrastination) But as soon as I did get into it, I was glued. I love the depth it took and the humor it brought. I hope you enjoy my silly crossover piece, I know I enjoyed drawing it! :smiley:



Toastt

Pg. 3-4 & Merch

Tumblr | Toastbutt & Toasttdoods (artblog)

Twitter | Toastbutt

Heyo cutie beans!! I'm just your fellow doodlebug that enjoys sherbet icecream and funky music. Gravity Falls has a special little place in my heart. I find it incredibly lovely on how weird it is, but also how much it focuses on unconditional love for family (and I'm also a twin so automatically I'm interested). For a long time I was artistically uninspired, but gravity falls really got me into loving my art as well as myself, no matter how weird I am!! I'm glad to have been able to share this joy I have with the Pines family and friends. <3

DRAW YOUR OWN STAN!

